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Vol. CXCIX, No. 2597
NOVEMBER 12, 1949

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FAMOUS INNS AND THEIR SIGNS

The King of Prussia FOWEY, CORNWALL

Two centuries ago, a little Cornish boy, playing soldiers with his brothers, earned himself the nickname of "The King of Prussia." The boy was John Carter, destined to become Cornwall's greatest smuggler chief, fearless, gallant, contemptuous of the law, still known to all by his boyhood sobriquet. Out of affection for this redoubtable character the people of Fowey named their inn after him. Its sign today bears two portraits . . . upon one side John and his brother Harry in sea-going clothes, upon the reverse the two smugglers attired for the sabbath as God-fearing men. The fascinating study of Britain's inn signs is a pleasure that is brought within the reach of all by the ease of travel finally assured by John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre.

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY C. E. TURNER FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

Volume CXCIX No. 2597

The SPHERE, London, November 12, 1949

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY AT THE CENOTAPH—THE SCENE IN WHITEHALL DURING THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, WHEN THE NATION HONOURED THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN TWO WORLD WARS: Looking on from a balcony of the Home Office were Her Majesty the Queen and Her Majesty Queen Mary

On a morning bright and glittering with autumn sunshine, the King and his people celebrated Remembrance Day. Again the focal point of the celebrations was the Cenotaph in Whitehall, the memorial of two World Wars. The ritual, unvarying from year to year, was as impressive and dignified as ever. The King stood before the monument with Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, each in Service khaki, near him. After they had placed their wreaths on the Cenotaph, wreaths were laid by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill and other representatives of Parliament and Government, by the High Commissioners of Dominions, and the representatives of the Colonies. After the service and the withdrawal of the King to the Home Office building there took place the ordered withdrawal of the uniformed forces, followed by the march-past of the veterans in mufti, headed by Sir Ian Fraser, M.P. At the same time as the two minutes silence at the Cenotaph there was also a service round the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, also services in cities and towns, on village greens and in village churches throughout the country. (See also page 225.)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Tinkering Still.—I think the *Daily Telegraph* did not put it too strong when it commented on the Parliament Bill "victory" in these words: "If they [the Government] had displayed half the energy and inflexibility of purpose in dealing with the dollar gap which they have shown in monkeying with the Constitution, the country might not be in the present mess." Monkeying with the Constitution and monkeying with a score of irrelevancies as well. I wonder if to-day 10 per cent. of reasonable adults in this country regard this Bill as desirable, let alone as relevant in the present emergency. I wonder if that proportion of the electorate, studying the actions of the Upper House over the last four years, can honestly regard those actions as "obstruction of the people's will," or as strokes in a partisan campaign for class, for privilege, for capitalism. The Lords who have done the job are not the "sons of their fathers," the hereditary system plays hardly any part in the composition of the Upper House to-day. The few were put there *ad hoc*, they are for the most part "self-made" men chosen by this and the Coalition Government for their ability. And their principle throughout has been to ensure that the people's will shall prevail: in a word, to get confirmation from the people before surrendering to any measure which they deemed to exceed the mandate given to the Government in power, or likely to lead to national danger unforeseen by over-hurried, over-busy draftsmen and Ministers. The Government is still monkeying and tinkering as the sands run out.

ROLLING DOWN THE RIVER ON A FOGGY AFTERNOON—WESTMINSTER'S FLOATING PIER TRAVELS SEAWARDS: The pier, from which thousands of holiday-makers make Thames pleasure trips every summer, has been towed four miles down-stream to the yards of Harland and Wolff at Surrey Commercial Docks, where it is to undergo alterations

An Unfriendly Act. — Our Foreign Office has been busy again—this time drafting a warning to Nationalist China that we regard the bombing of our unarmed merchantships sailing into Communist-held China ports as an unfriendly act. Profound peace (officially) invests the great part of civilisation. There is no global war on (officially). There is an "incident" of some sort in China. Politically our sympathies are not with the Communist victors. Our economic interests, on the other hand, require that without delay we should recognise Communist China. Neutral shipping is always in danger when there is a blockade by either side in a civil war. Our trade with China is important to us. The British Government is therefore in a dilemma, political sympathy and economic needs being on the diverging horns. Even so, an "unfriendly act" (though sanctified by tradition as a phrase in diplomatic exchanges) is not an overstatement as describing the bombing of our peaceful merchantmen. Perhaps our moderation is cut to our powers of sanction. If the Nationalists continue to bomb our merchantmen, what sanction can we enforce? "Send a gunboat?" Alas, no. Fire on the bombers from escorting warships? More dilemmas. The implications would be dangerous and we should be aiding the "enemy," since we do not yet recognise the Communist Government. Appeal to the U.N.? I suppose so. But Communist China is being rapidly recognised by civilised governments, and we may well be advised that it is dangerous to run blockades. For those who regard the Communist Government as China's official Government may fairly argue that in the present case the port-blockades are the work of insurgents or revolutionaries. Dilemma after dilemma.

Frontier Incidents.—Splendid isolation as a policy has been a dead letter since 1904 or thereabouts. *Parter européen* is everybody's job in Europe. But in my petulant, unthinking way, I still sometimes observe that the best foreign policy for any sane European country with a normal ratio of normal adults would be to remain as politically isolated from those Balkans as may be. And Balkan neighbour States, also. Impossible, of course, and a foolish observation. And yet, how often we are made painfully aware that peace and reconstruction are prevented, and war and hate encouraged, daily and all the year round in many large and small nations of Europe by what is no more or less than nasty-schoolboy mentality and practice. The Hungarian-Yugoslav incident is just such an instance. The statements put out on either side are straight out of *vice-versa*, the actions are fourth-form doings. They are mischievous, tiresome, provocative, and they are countered with, "Please, Sir, it wasn't me." "Please, Sir, *he* did it." If this is diplomacy, it is the diplomacy of a juvenile reformatory. It is not surprising if a grown man or a civilised nation should wish to keep out of Dr. Bultitude's academy of Street Urchins. And alas! Dr. Bultitude's numbers increase every year.

A Gleam of Hope. — When I listen to good, honest Socialists contributing their ideas and experience to debates on the air or in the House on the problems of the hour, I am often struck by the extent to which even the most reasonable older men's arguments are swayed and biased by the bitter memories of their own youthful struggles in the Edwardian era. It is the same thing with the younger and headier. The days of mass unemployment in the years between cast a shadow over all they say, direct and pervert any efforts to see both sides, and turn their remarks into mere propaganda and class warfare. This is no new discovery. We are quite aware of it. But the corollary, which is much more hopeful, is not so clearly appreciated. Time passes. The "men who were boys when I was a boy" are getting to the end of their journey, and soon enough there will be none to remember by personal experience the (not so wicked) era of Edwardianism. And then a few more years will pass, and, a generation or so hence, the frustrations of the years between will be nobody's memories, and men who clamour for root-and-branch reform and the redistribution of wealth will be perhaps much less biased and bitter. They will remember their youth under the Socialist Government of 1945, with all the benefits and opportunities, the advantages and hopes, it brought them, and there will then be no excuse for verminous epithets and tinker's curses to lard withal the arguments of reason and restraint. A generation of time is nothing in the history of a nation. The golden age is round the corner—in 1980. You see me clutching at any straw for a grasp on optimism. Wait till 1980. Those who see it and those who don't will alike be in Heaven, then.

Saving and Spending. — It had not struck me (until I read of the castigation of Lord Bruce for a sentence taken away from its context) that I am a traitor to my country if I publish my ideas on the deplorable results this last year of public saving so far as investment in Government securities was concerned. The average man is slow to lend money on mortgage on an estate which he believes to be already mortgaged up to the hilt. He is discouraged from increasing his holding in any security which has fallen 20 per cent. in value since he bought his first holding a few months earlier. If he believe the directors and management of that concern are making a real effort to correct errors and learn by experience, he might gamble on buying cheap for a rise. If he has no such confidence, he will say that it is throwing good money after bad. Every sane citizen understands the vital need of saving and of supporting his own Government's loans, but as he himself is living on his capital every year in order to pay his taxes and other State contributions and his school bills, and what not, it is simply impossible to save in any way which compels him to see that capital shrink every month before his eyes. The failure of the public to buy Government securities is clearly due to lack of confidence in the sincerity and ability of the "Board," the Government which gives no lead in saving or economy for fear of unpopularity, and muddles on with irrelevance and patchwork; and to the hard logic of his own day-to-day economy—he must as long as possible conserve what remains of his capital to avoid default to the tax-collector. In such circumstances, what is the good citizen to do? Default on his taxes and withdraw his children from school? Or wait in hope of a stronger, wiser Government, and meanwhile put by any trifle he can in a stocking or an investment which at least does not hourly before his eyes melt like snow? It is a dilemma not entirely concerned with prudence and patriotism, or lack of those qualities.

D.N.B. — As one who had his small share in composing the new volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, I record the importance of its publication and intend that it shall be my chief fireside reading this winter. For old men like me, it is a very vital and a poignant volume, and probably the most interesting of the series. But though I have all the other volumes, have contributed to this new one, and have been down on the list to receive a copy for two years, I have not received a copy. I sit and wait for it. A few of the contributions I have seen in draft form. Many more I wait anxiously to read. For the volume contains subjects of peculiar interest to me and includes notices of some of my contemporaries, now falling away too fast. The literary subjects are of importance. We shall have Kipling and Strachey and Yeats and George Moore and H. A. L. Fisher. Elgar and Delius are there, King George V, Rutherford and Thomson among the scientists, Bishop Gore among the churchmen. The period covered is but ten years (1931-40), but the volume is big. The great interest which many of us will find in the study of it is the degree of finality of judgment. These notices of literary men are bound to correct many judgments made when they died—certainly of Kipling and Strachey. Sir Owen Morshead's admirable King George V (which I saw in draft) is published between the late King's two official biographies, my own personal memoir (1940) and Mr. Nicolson's political biography, still to come. But I doubt if the conclusions as to his character and great qualities as set forth in *D.N.B.* will ever be challenged, nor his beneficent influence on the politics of his day as a strictly impartial constitutional King. His character and worth have been far easier to assess with unanimity than his father's. Both were great Kings.

School Holidays.—Some stern parents there be who sometimes grouse about the number and length of public-school holidays in term and between terms. University summer holidays also are sometimes thought to be a little protracted, since the undergraduates are not (as of old) required to come home for the hay and corn harvests. Even a crusty father of an Eton boy sometimes registers a grouse. I am not that father. On the contrary, I count the days to Long Leave and prepare for it by every means in my power and regard every partridge and pheasant as sacred until that happy day comes round in November. And, indeed, public-school holidays to-day compare very favourably in austerity with those of the elementary school. There the half-term holiday extends from Friday afternoon until Wednesday morning. There, there is no Saturday school throughout the year. And the summer holidays now embarrass the village mothers by their length, and Christmas and Easter holidays grow more and more generous. All of which, with other less satisfactory conditions, may account for the fact that the more we spend on State education, the larger seems to grow the percentage of young people in the Services and in shops who appear to be unable to write their own names, let alone copy at dictation speed the names and addresses of shoppers.

THE OLD STAGER

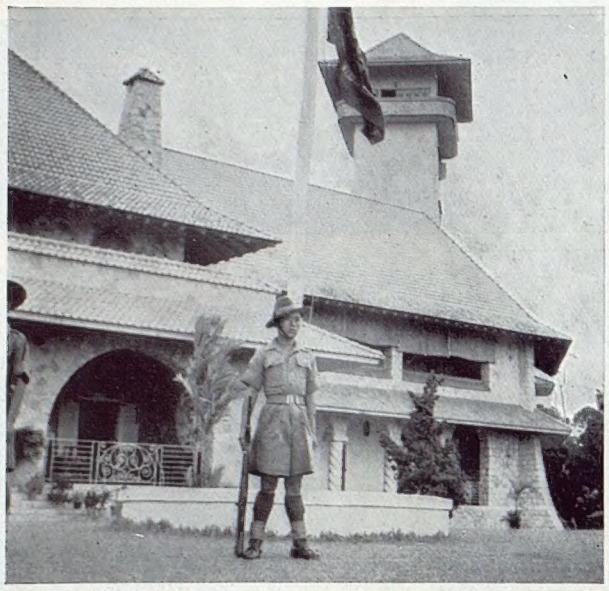
PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE HALLOWE'EN BALL

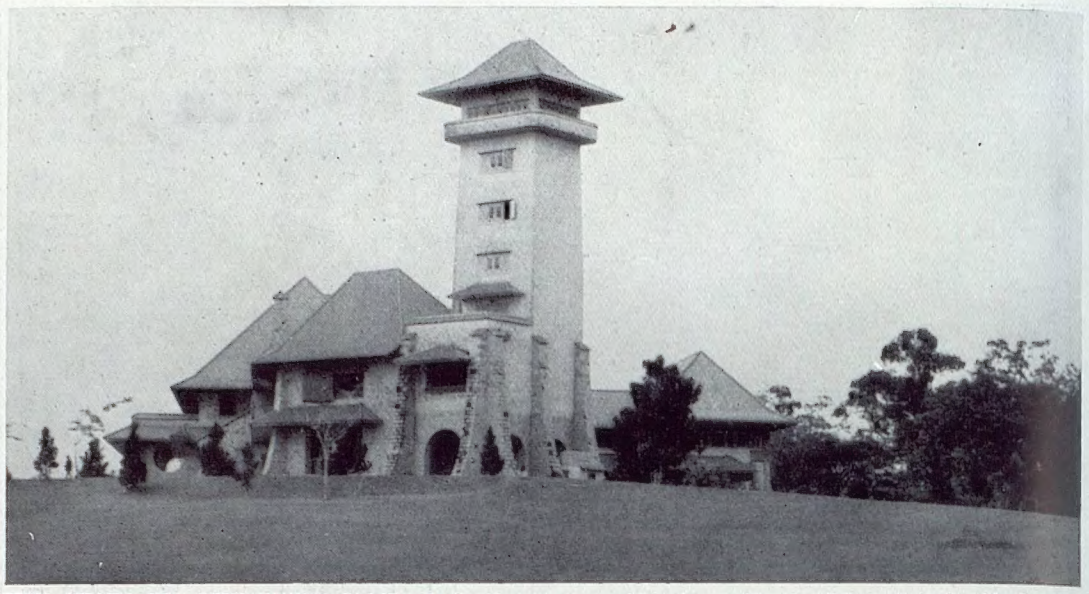
Princess Elizabeth Visits the Potteries

PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD AT THE HALLOWE'EN BALL AT THE DORCHESTER: The Princess, in an off-the-shoulder blue and pink tulle gown, wore as a corsage decoration her miniatures of the King and of her grandfather, King George V, set in diamonds and surmounted by a crown. Both were pinned on the left side of the bodice, one above the other, on moire ribbons. The Princess sat at a table between the Marquess of Blandford and the Hon. Wentworth Beaumont, son of Lord Allendale. Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of Mr. Lewis Douglas, was a member of the party. The ball's profits went to swell the funds of the National Children Adoption Association

THE PRINCESS AT THE BALL: This picture shows in clearer detail the two miniatures of her father and grandfather which the Princess wore on her blue and pink tulle gown

THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE FIVE TOWNS—PRINCESS ELIZABETH WATCHING THE DECORATION OF A TEA-SET AT THE ROYAL DOULTON POTTERIES AT BURSLEM: Miss E. Smith, a craftswoman at the factory, is seen decorating a plate. Princess Elizabeth began her two-day tour at Stoke-on-Trent, where she was welcomed by the Lord Lieutenant of Staffordshire and the Lord Mayor of Stoke. The Princess visited a tile factory in Tunstall, and in the evening attended a concert at Hanley. On the second day she was at the Royal Doulton Potteries, and completed the tour of the Five Towns with a civic reception at Newcastle-under-Lyme. A heavy downpour of rain on the second day did not prevent the people of the Potteries giving Princess Elizabeth a warm welcome. From the Mayoress of Newcastle the Princess accepted a gift of a piece of silk manufactured in the town in 1840 on the occasion of the marriage of Queen Victoria. After her tour Princess Elizabeth returned to London to take part in the Remembrance Day service at the Cenotaph

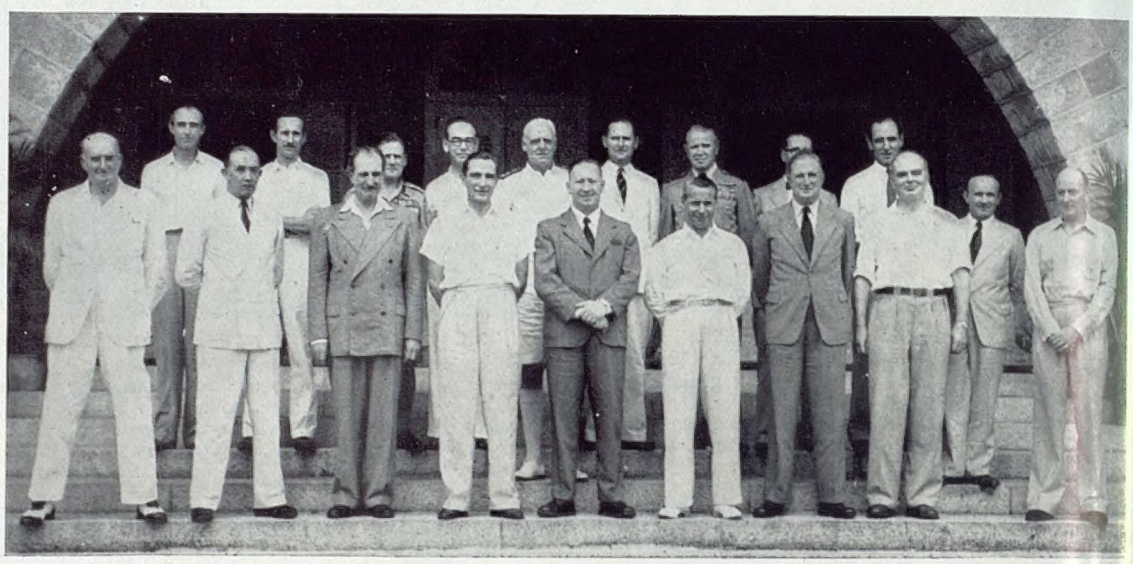




BUKIT SERENE, WHERE THE BRITISH CONFERENCE ON FAR-EASTERN AFFAIRS HAS BEEN TAKING PLACE: *Left*—A sentry outside the residence of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General for South-East Asia, and (*right*) a general view of the hilltop home in Malaya. Mr. MacDonald presided over the gathering, which included the Colonial Under-Secretary (Mr. Rees-Williams), the head of the Foreign Office Department concerned with affairs in Asia (Mr. M. E. Dening), Ambassador to China, the Ambassador to Burma, and the Minister to the Philippines. Included on the agenda was a discussion of what effect recognition of a Communist Government in China would have on British policy, the implications of freeing Japanese trade, and the question of Japanese ideas of settling in South-East Asia

THE WORLD IN CONCLAVE

THE FAR-EASTERN CONFERENCE IN MALAYA. THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE MEETING IN PARIS



THE DELEGATES AT THE FAR-EASTERN CONFERENCE AT BUKIT SERENE: Front row—left to right—Sir Geoffrey Harington Thompson (Ambassador to Siam), Sir Henry Gurney (Federal High Commissioner, Malaya), Sir Alvary Gascoigne (head of British Diplomatic Mission in Tokyo), Sir Ralph Stevenson (British Ambassador to China), Mr. David Rees-Williams (Colonial Under-Secretary), Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (Commissioner-General for South-East Asia), Mr. Maberly Dening (head of Foreign Office Department concerned with Far East), Mr. Frank Roberts (Deputy High Commissioner, India), and Sir Alexander Grantham (Hong Kong Governor). Back row—left to right—Mr. R. J. Barker (Ambassador to Burma), Mr. D. C. Hopson (Acting Consul-General, Saigon), General Sir John Harding (C.-in-C. Far East Land Forces), Mr. L. H. Foulds (Minister to the Philippines), Admiral Sir Patrick Brind (C.-in-C. British Pacific Fleet), Mr. Duncan Stewart, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd (C.-in-C. Air Command Far East), Mr. J. Calder (Officer Administering Government in the territory of North Borneo), and Mr. A. C. Stewart (Acting Consul-General, Batavia)

MR. BEVIN AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY: Britain's Foreign Minister seen at the meeting of the Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe. Mr. Bevin also came to Paris for the regular gathering of the Foreign Ministers of the five Brussels Treaty Powers. While in Paris Mr. Bevin dined with Mr. Hoffman, the head of the E.C.A. One of the first items on the agenda before the Ministers of the Council of Europe was the question of the admission of new members

THE FRENCH, THE BELGIANS AND THE ITALIANS AT THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE MEETING IN PARIS: *Left*—M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, seen with his fellow-delegate M. Alexandre Parodi. *Centre*—M. Paul Van Zeeland (left of group). *Right*—Signor Quaroni, the Italian Ambassador in France, with Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister

THE DANES, THE SWEDES AND THE GREEKS AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY: *Left*—Mr. Gustav Rasmussen, the Danish Foreign Minister, who took the chair at the meeting of Ministers of the Council of Europe. *Centre*—Mr. Karl Westman, Swedish Ambassador in France, seated beside Mr. Osten Unden (wearing glasses), the Swedish Foreign Minister. *Right*—Mr. Constantin Tsaldaris, the Greek Foreign Minister, with his colleagues. The question of the admission of Germany came before the Conference

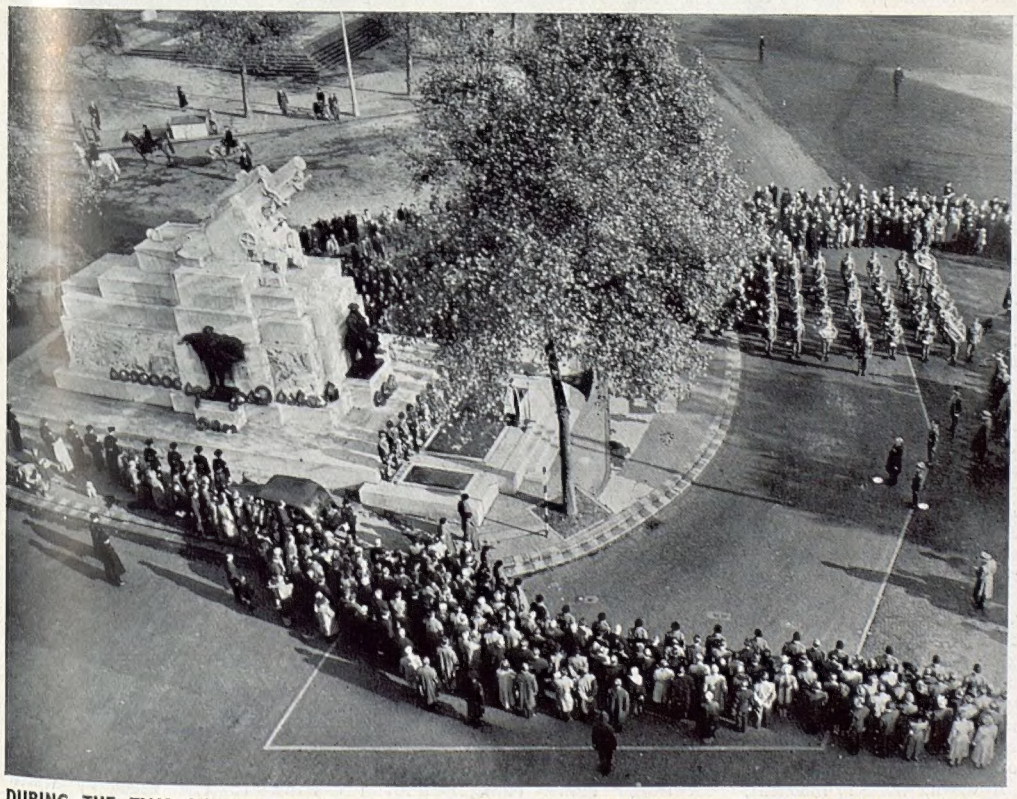
MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE BALCONY OF THE HOME OFFICE: Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra of Kent, the Duke of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Queen, the Duchess of Kent and Queen Mary followed the Cenotaph service from this point of vantage. Below them His Majesty the King, the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth stood before the Cenotaph

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF PARLIAMENT AT THE CENOTAPH: Colonel Clifton Brown (Speaker of the House of Commons), Lord Jowitt, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Attlee taking part in the service. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill were the first to lay wreaths after the King, the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Elizabeth and Lord Claud Hamilton (representing Queen Mary)

REMEMBRANCE DAY

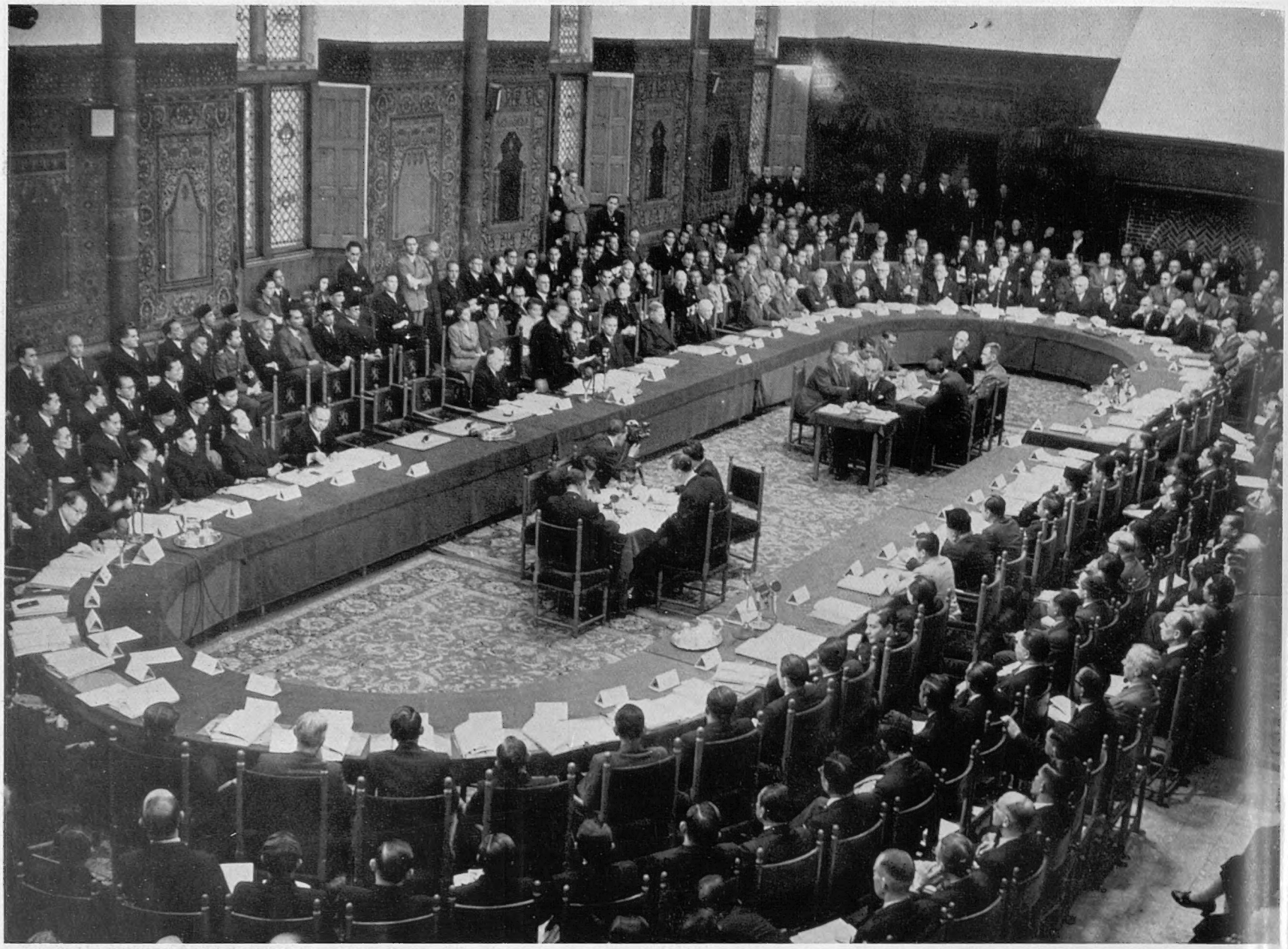
THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE CENOTAPH: THE GATHERING AT THE R.A. MEMORIAL AND AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL

THE REMEMBRANCE DAY PARADE OF PENSIONERS AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: The Lieut.-Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea (Major-General Sir Percy Hobart), inspecting the pensioners, who wore their full-dress uniforms and their campaign medals. Major-General Sir Percy Hobart served in both World Wars. During 1942 he raised the 79th Specialised Armoured Division



DURING THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE AT THE ROYAL ARTILLERY MEMORIAL AT HYDE PARK CORNER: It was by no means a vast gathering and consisted for the most part of men who had been in the Gunners or members of those families who had lost relatives in the Royal Regiment

THE KING'S SALUTE: His Majesty paying tribute to the fallen as he stepped down from the monument after placing his wreath there. One pace behind the King stood Princess Elizabeth



THE END OF AN HISTORIC CONFERENCE IN THE KNIGHTS' HALL AT THE HAGUE: Dr. Drees, the Dutch Prime Minister, addressing the delegates in the closing phase of the ten-week conference between the Dutch, the Republican and the Federalist delegations. As a result of the conference the 350-year-old relationship of the Netherlands and the East Indies underwent a decisive change, and Indonesia will now be joined with the Netherlands by means of a loose but friendly union as between two sister states

THE DUTCH AGREE

ON AN INDEPENDENT SOVEREIGN STATE FOR INDONESIA

At this juncture no one can pretend to know what the Dutch agreement over Indonesia will mean, beyond the fact that the ten weeks of negotiation in the Knights' Hall have led to the establishment of Indonesia as an independent sovereign State. The actual transfer of sovereignty will be announced by Queen Juliana before the end of the year, and thereafter the Dutch homeland and the old colonial possessions will be tied merely by the bonds of friendship.

The ten-week conference at The Hague ended, of course, in jubilation on the part of the visiting delegations, and there were great junketings at Scheveningen, outside The Hague, where the conference result was celebrated. On the Dutch side a formal dinner to the delegates emphasised the sober mood in which Dutch officialdom and the Dutch public received the news.

It is not to be thought that Dutch colonial Imperialism has received a blow—that conception was long ago discarded. It was known to be a dead number a quarter of a century ago, when the revision of the Netherlands Constitution omitted the words "colonies and overseas possessions."

What is feared by the generality of the Dutch is that Indonesia's new masters will not be able to run the country efficiently, and will not be able to keep order. This was apparent during the cease-fire in Java, when extremists frequently let the Republicans down, making naught of promises given to the Dutch.

There are 200,000 Eurasians in Indonesia, and their fate and the fate of other minorities is also a cause for concern. Across the 3,000-mile wide archipelago, with its 76,000,000 inhabitants and 200 different dialects, there is room for more than one Ulster.

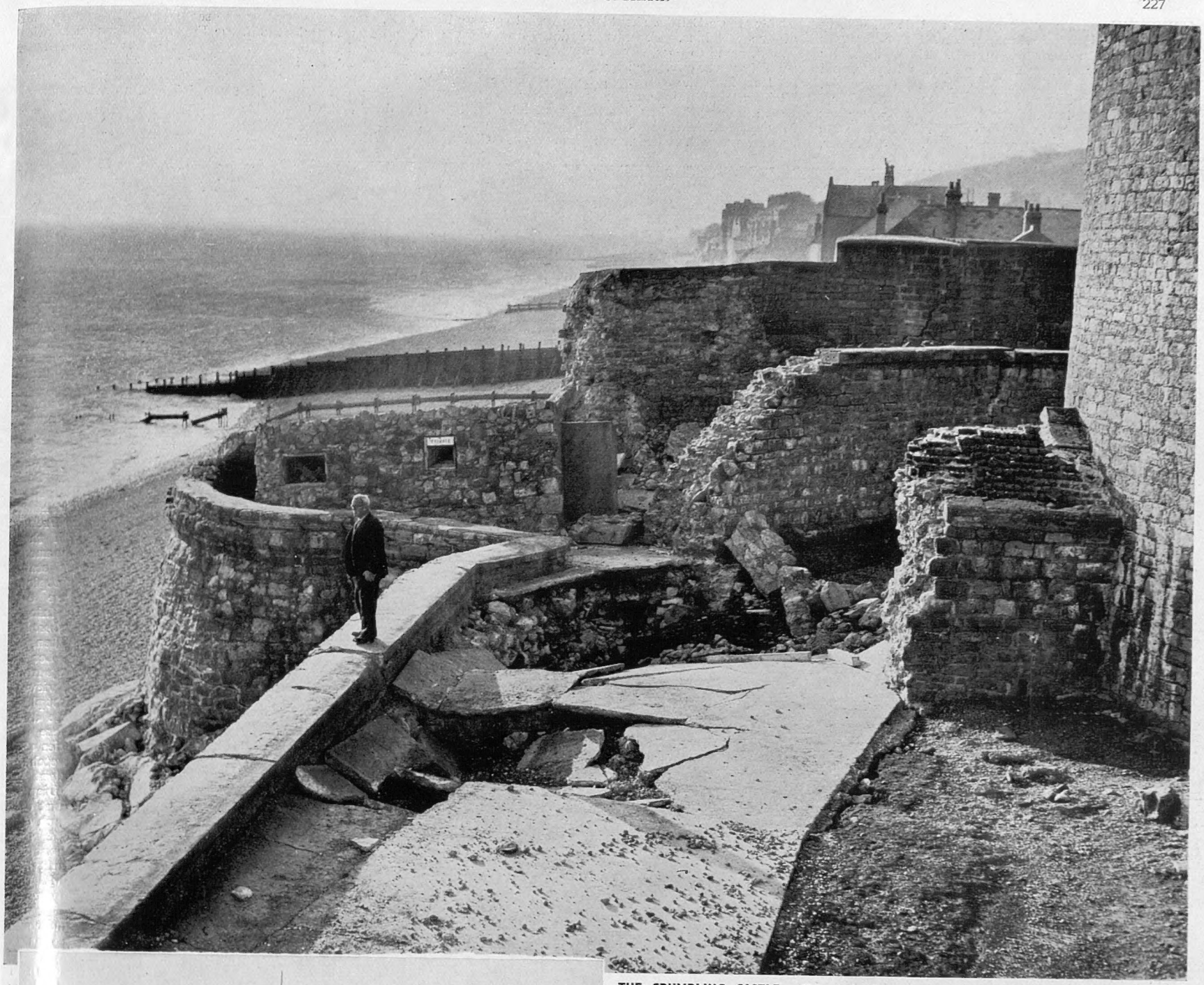
The average Dutchman would appear to be most seriously concerned about the fate of Dutch trade in Indonesia. However, in Governmental circles all is not pessimism, and if the idealistic picture of the new Indonesia painted by Dr. Hatta does not come to pass immediately it will certainly not be for want of trying.

At the time of writing the whole issue of Indonesia is due to be fought out in the Dutch Parliament. All parties, except the Socialists, are likely to fight various aspects of the scheme, but it is thought that ratification will go through within the next six weeks. Something along the lines decided upon was inevitable in Indonesia, and there can be no point in further sacrifices of Dutch lives, money and man-power.

MEN TAKING OVER POWER IN INDONESIA: Sultan Hamid the Indonesian Federalist, is seated second from left with Dr. Van Maarseveen of the Dutch delegation, on the left. In the centre (wearing glasses) is Dr. Mohammed Hatta, Vice-President of the Indonesian Republic

MORE PERSONALITIES IN THE KNIGHTS' HALL: Left to right—Mr. Merle Cochran, of the United States, Mr. Raoul Herremans, of Belgium, and Mr. Thomas Critchely, of Australia. On the right is Dr. Drees talking with Mr. Prinsen, Secretary-General of the conference

DR. DREES PUTS HIS SIGNATURE TO THE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS: The Dutch Prime Minister adds his name to the deed by which sovereignty over the Indonesian Archipelago is transferred from the Netherlands to the Republic of the United States of Indonesia. On the left is Mr. Prinsen, Secretary-General of the conference

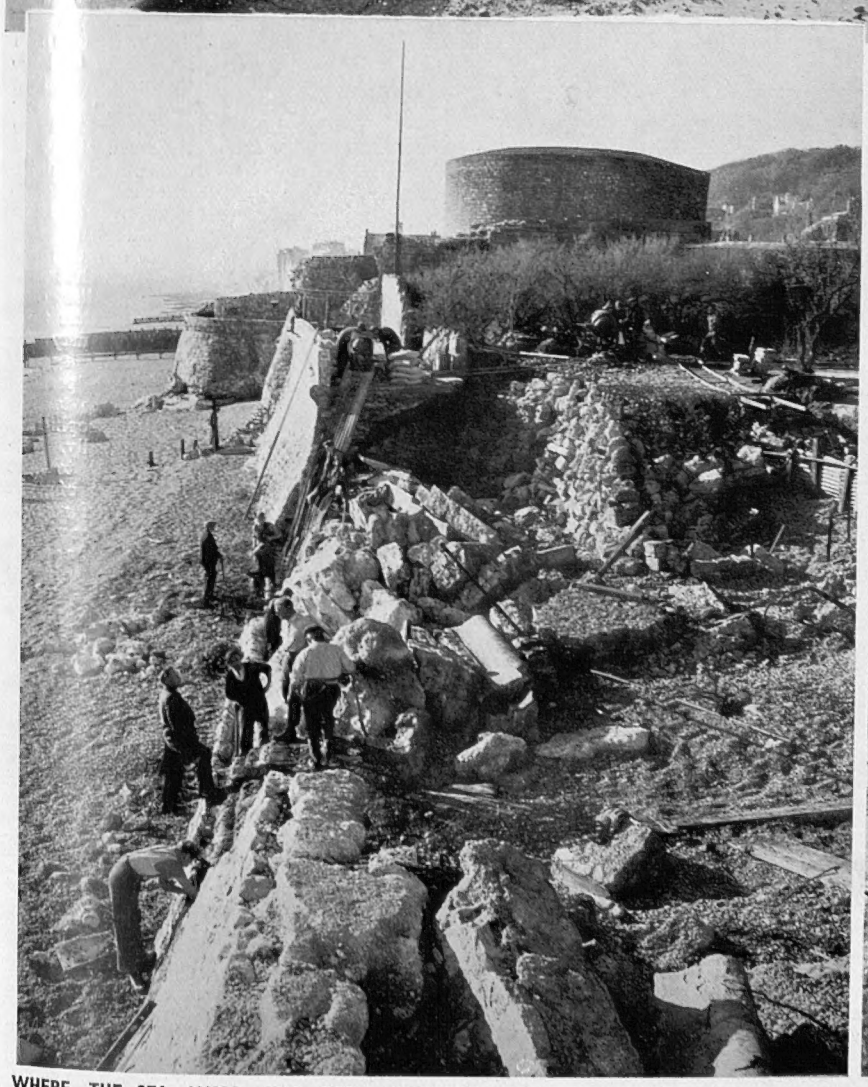


THE CRUMBLING CASTLE : This hole in part of the castle walls at Sandgate has been made by the eroding action of the sea whipped by severe south-westerly gales. Not only the castle, but all Sandgate is threatened by erosion

SANDGATE CASTLE IS FALLING INTO THE SEA

Sandgate Castle—and, indeed, the whole Folkestone suburb of Sandgate—are threatened with complete engulfment by the sea if urgent action is not taken. During the war years, when the beach was inaccessible owing to barbed-wire entanglements and mines, the groynes were swept away. As a result Sandgate's foreshore and the castle walls are at the mercy of wind and wave. Now it would cost over £40,000 to erect the necessary groynes, and at the time of writing it appears that the Ministry of Health is not prepared to tackle the matter immediately.

The owner of Sandgate Castle declares that the Ministry of Works have taken no notice of repeated applications for assistance.



WHERE THE SEA WALL HAS BEEN BREACHED BY THE OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER GALES : These two pictures were taken beneath Sandgate Castle and show the extent of the sea's inroads. The gales at the beginning of January 1949 caused a great deal of damage, and a Ministry of Health inspector, after an on-the-spot examination, declared at the time that he would try to get an immediate loan for repair work. Apparently nothing adequate was done. Now, with the autumn gales of 1949, the situation is further deteriorating. The Member of Parliament for the Folkestone and Hythe Division has promised to lead a deputation to the Minister of Health organised by the newly-constituted "Save Sandgate" Committee which has just held its first protest meeting

A NEW LEASE of LIFE for the MAGINOT

Has it a Niche to Fill in the Atomic Age?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TWENTY years ago a corpulent and florid, elderly but still dark-haired man was to be seen lunching at the epicurean Paris restaurants. He was usually in the company of a small group of men friends, and did a lot of expounding. He was Paul Painlevé, scientist, ex-Premier and initiator of the Maginot Line.

Very tall, one-legged War Minister André Maginot would be of the party. His job would be to force the revolutionary defence measure through the Chamber. A second person, who did more than he, one without whose insistence with Premier Poincaré, the Line could never have come into being, was General Debeney, Chief of the General Staff and veteran victor of 1914-18.

Even General Requin, who was eventually to organise "France's indestructible barrier," had more to do with the Maginot Line than the man who gave his name to it and died (from one of those feasts, oysters) when construction was but a third through, in 1932.

The idea came from the four years of trench warfare and resultant ascendency of the school which held that the defensive had got the aggressor beaten in modern war, provided the defensive was formidable enough. The search was for a "defensive magnificence that could shatter anything" and on those tablecloths, over coffee and liqueurs, the mission of the yet-unnamed bastion was drawn.

It was this: to hold the newly fortified zone with an *élite* of the peacetime Army which would act as a frontier screen while the reserves of "a nation in arms" were mobilised and distributed. In theory, the forts of the Line would provide heavy protective fire against an invader, and allow transport to and from the forward positions all the way from Bâle to Givet, where the French and Belgian frontiers met.

From Givet to the sea there was nothing, on account of the attitude of the King of the Belgians. In spite of this, the mammoth task was pressed on while French Governments rose and fell. It was what the French call *un pot de roses*. Public funds cascaded, and all who could got their fingers on them. Before the final piece of machinery was installed, in 1935, the Maginot Line had cost £60,000,000—and no wonder.

It wasn't anything resembling one gigantic trench; rather a system of unconnected forts and connected strong-points, all buried deep below the earth. You could traverse the Maginot Line by train or car, and not know you were doing so. I remember once looking out of the window near Forbach, in Lorraine, and spotting a huge green mound that was obviously artificial. "Hello," I said, "this must be part of the Maginot."

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE MILITARY PRODUCTION AND SUPPLY BOARD SET UP UNDER THE ATLANTIC TREATY IS HELD IN LONDON: The Board, which will have a permanent organisation in London, seen in session at Lancaster House. Mr. N. E. Hallaby, director of the office of Foreign Military Affairs in the office of the United States Secretary for Defence, stated in his opening address as Chairman that the Board's task is to bring together the munition power of the twelve countries included in the Atlantic Treaty. Mr. Hallaby is seen standing at the table with the French delegates on his right hand. On his left hand is Mr. West Burnham, of the Secretariat of the Military Production and Supply Board, and Mr. Gough and Sir Harold Parker, both of the United Kingdom

It was the home of a vanishing monster gun which sank into the earth on machinery being set in motion, and down below (had I known it) was a section of sixty miles of subterranean passages that had miniature railways. From 1935 to 1939 the Line was a showplace for visitors of mark, for whom General Requin did the honours. The garrison had everything from hot baths to billiard tables. The piled-up food, stores and ammunition were things to marvel at. The electrical gadgets, the air-conditioning, the lifts, the cosy quarters. . . .

All the same, doubters and scoffers pointed to Givet. "What happens if the Line is turned by yet another Schlieffen wheel round the Franco-British flank?" Mr. Hore-Belisha asked that question of General Gamelin in September 1937, when the C.-in-C.-designate was not exactly encouraging.

The British War Minister returned to so crucial a matter directly war broke out. Between March and September, he argued, the Germans had made of the Siegfried Line a fortification almost equal to the Maginot Line. Between September and March the Maginot Line could be extended to the sea.

Mr. Hore-Belisha should have called on the King of the Belgians. Perhaps he did. For what was feared, came to pass, if with a staggering, bewildering rapidity never envisaged by the bitterest scoffer.

But first there was to be the phony war, the *sitzkrieg*, and nowhere did it work greater mischief than all along this kushi underground labyrinth. The Maginot had fulfilled its preliminary mission all right, as screen, but thereafter, as month after month dragged out, and nothing in the communiqués save "continued inactivity," or the like, the deadly psychological vice of boredom, willed by the master mob psychologist, Hitler, pervaded France's sure shield.

Back in Paris, Daladier asked nothing better than a continuance of standstill while he amassed unending arms and equipment, much of which was to prove far below German standards. He listened not to Debeney, who pleaded that the one chance of exploiting an incomplete Maginot Line was to leap forward from it to Cologne, right at the start, while Hitler was taken up with Poland; nor did a Colonel de Gaulle get the faintest hearing, with his fervid calls for motorised manœuvre. Still in the Maginot were the cream of French fortress troops when the Germans captured Verdun, in six hours, on June 14, 1940. Earlier, the Germans had simply by-passed the Maginot, holding the French in it, and about it, with the left flank of their Western army.

By taking Verdun, the Germans had got right behind the fabled bastion, which had not been built to fight an enemy in its rear.

As many French troops as could skipped out of the Maginot Line before the Germans drove clean down in rear of it to Dijon.

And that was the last heard of the greatest flop in military history until Leclerc, Patton and de Lattre burst through or outflanked it. Not that this was a testing, as 1940 had been. Hitler had long previously ordered its destruction, and the routed German commanders were heading for the Siegfried Line anyway.

Did the Nazi engineer troops take the destruction job too lightly? Couldn't they be bothered to do things thoroughly? Were their officers too sure that the "Franzmaenner" would never be any worry again? At any rate, those German specialised troops did not destroy the Maginot Line. They only injured it, more seriously in some sectors than in others; and to-day, lo and behold, the French military authorities have decided that a repaired Maginot Line shall be integrated in France's defence system!

One must presume that Generals de Lattre and Revers are at one with this decision, no matter where the Western Union Defence Committee under F.M. Lord Montgomery has decided to place its eastern defence line. It could even be that the resuscitation scheme was gone into last August, when the American Chiefs of Staff were over—since the United States have largely taken the French Army in hand from the re-arming standpoint.

Visitors to the scattered forts and casemates who went to the Vosges sector from the Strasbourg Assembly, were amazed to find so much intact, even still working. This is particularly so at the lower levels. Air conditioning, electric light, water supply, were all in order, and mess-rooms, hospitals and sleeping quarters had survived. It was possible to see where explosives had been put, but evidently only half-heartedly, since damage was often negligible.

Even stairways winding hundreds of feet up to control level had escaped. But everything in the control chambers was blown to bits, also many of the great gun emplacements. On the other hand, the surrounding concrete, of unexampled strength, seems to have stood up, uncracked, in most cases. Conducting officers relate that some sections need little repair, others a great deal—which they may never receive, since it is extremely unlikely that the French people, with their crippled finances, would ever stand for further copious expenditure on, above all things, *la ligne Maginot*!

What, then, is the idea? Let us look at things from the French view.

In the first place—why waste anything? Here are these galleries and works, stretching the equivalent of Newhaven-Dieppe, were they put end to end. Much can be retrieved and prepared for action at intermittent points, and this without any great spending.

The Line could be recast so as to fire both ways.

The French have been told too many times that the Red Army could march to Brest any day it chose. It might, of course, prefer to parachute into Kent; but the French don't think of things that way. They realise only too well that their country may be overrun again. They are perhaps inclined to take it too philosophically or resignedly. The thing is to get them out of that frame of mind, and a revived eastern bastion held by spirited de Lattre's "new army" could at least reassure them a little.

In the past the Maginot Line was death to the French, psychologically, sending them to sleep. To-day it might retrieve a little of its lost reputation.

Why should these fortifications surrender at once, should an enemy surge past them? They would have the wherewithal to hold out for a long time. They could harass the enemy like Old Harry.

Note, too, how it might be possible to withstand the effects of atomic bombs far below ground.

These military works could serve as islets of resistance in the enemy's rear; as rallying points for a Maquis most certain to eventuate.

Redoubts were only just coming into fashion when the last war ended. They could play quite a role in any successor. The Swiss alpine redoubt would stand on the right of any Maginot revival Redoubts could be useful to hold out in while Fifth Column taking-over of a country ran itself to a standstill, or until it was interrupted from without.

One hates to write in this vein, yet what is one to do when a senior British military attaché, late of Moscow, tells us that Russia may now be regarded as one vast war machine?

THE MASTER TREASURER OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE PRESIDES AT THE GRAND DAY DINNER IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL: Her Majesty the Queen, now completing her term of office as Treasurer, seen at the top table beneath the portrait of Charles I. Twenty-three fellow-Benchers sat with the Queen, and the gathering included a great company of barristers and students of the Inn. *Inset on right*—The Queen with Sir Henry MacGeagh, the Deputy Treasurer of Middle Temple

THE GRAND DAY DINNER AT MIDDLE TEMPLE

THE QUEEN PRESIDES IN THE RESTORED HALL

For the first time in history a Queen presided at the Grand Day celebrations in the Middle Temple Hall when Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth paid her ceremonial visit to the restored hall last week. After receiving guests in the drawing-room the Queen led a procession of Benchers and guests to the daïs in the hall. There she read the traditional grace, and when the company was seated and the King's health had been proposed by the Queen and drunk by the assembled company, Her Majesty partook of the loving cup which was then circulated round the daïs and the body of the hall. After the dinner, when the tables on the daïs were cleared, the Queen, again in her capacity as Treasurer, read "Grace After Meat."

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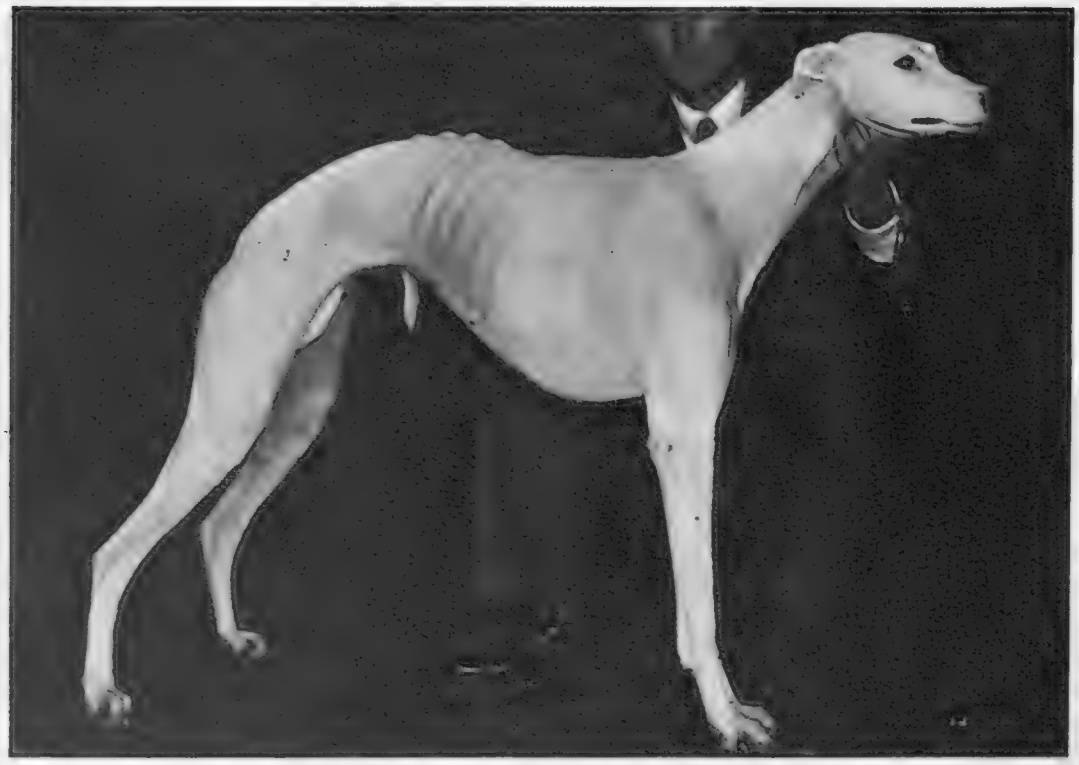


STREAMLINED GRACE AS EXEMPLIFIED BY VIVERDON HIGHFLIER: This prize-winning greyhound, owned by the Matthew brothers, of Cornwall, attracted much attention among the 7,220 entries at the Ladies' Kennel Association Show, Olympia. This was the largest entry since the Association was founded

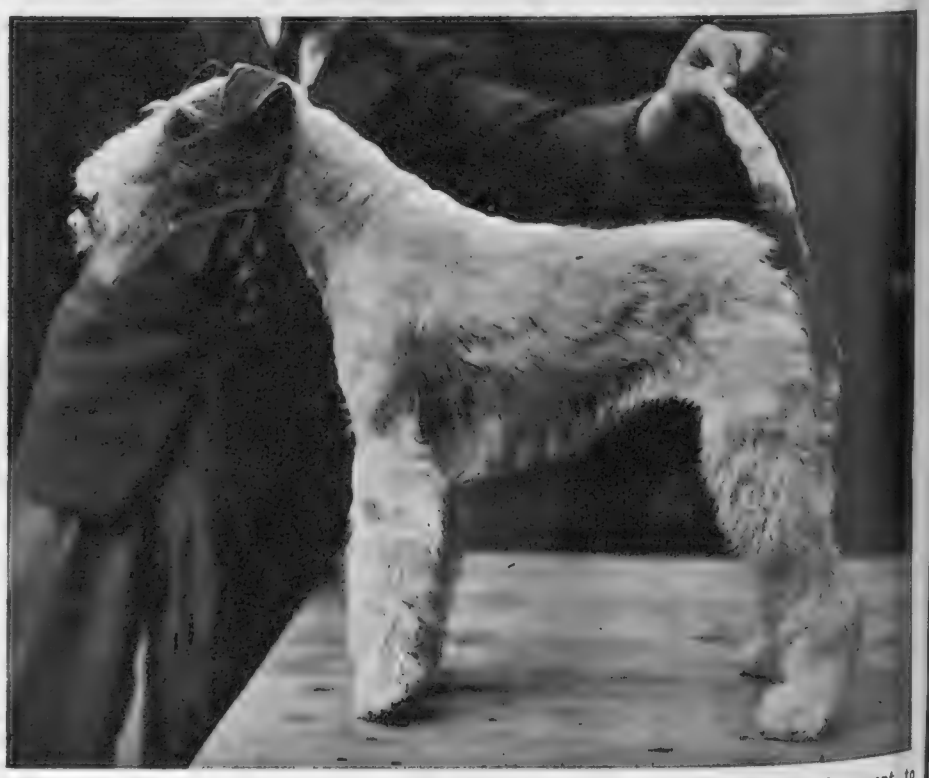
PYRENEAN MOUNTAIN DOGS AT THE SHOW: Mrs. J. Birkett with Champion Lamia of Fontenay and Lady Morris's Pondtail Marechal. Eighty per cent. of the exhibitors at the show were women

A CHAMPION OF ITS BREED: Mrs. A. M. Miller's Shetland sheepdog Runlee Phantasy. There were comparatively few sheepdogs at the show, pride of place in point of numbers once again going to the Cocker spaniels

AMONG UNUSUAL BREEDS AT THE SHOW WAS A RHODESIAN RIDGEBACK: These dogs are used by lion-hunters and are sometimes called lion dogs. They bring the lion to bay by feinting to attack, thus giving their masters the opportunity of shooting

FASHIONS IN DOGS

SOME OF THE 7,220 ENTRIES AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW, OLYMPIA



THE CHAMPION WIRE FOX-TERRIER OF THE SHOW: Out of 122 entries, the prize went to Stonycrag Contender, exhibited by Mrs. H. B. Graham. The judges were impressed by his well-modelled head, strong fore face and well-carried ears and tail. Other points in his favour were the short back, the well-sprung ribs, and muscular hindquarters

BATTLE ROYAL OF BULMAS: Mr. C. R. Leeke's bull-mastiff won three first prizes, and was accounted the best exhibit in the breed

DAWNLIGHT OF ICKFORD: Mrs. S. Laming's champion dog among the Great Danes. These are the most expensive dogs to maintain

THE AFGHAN HOUNDS ARRIVE, ONE OF THEM DRESSED FOR THE PARTY: These were the exhibits of Mrs. Sydney Rhodes. At Olympia there were 3,500 dogs entered by more than 2,000 exhibitors, contributing to the total entry of 7,220

BEN OF FREBIRCH, A HANDSOME SETTER: This was the youngest setter ever to win the Challenge Cup. It was exhibited by Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope

THE FLAT-COATED RETRIEVER: Champion Atherbram Nobbie was named champion of the breed. It was exhibited by Mr. W. J. Phizacklea

CAIRN AND RETRIEVER CHAMPIONS: *On the left* is Merryman of Yeensdale, winner of three first prizes and the championship of the breed. *On the right* is Ackrow Sir Horace, also champion of the breed and winner of its tenth challenge certificate

It was in 1776 that the first dog club was founded by Lord Orford, but it was not until ninety years ago that the first dog show was held in England. It took place at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the entries numbered sixty. Such is the modern popularity of dog-breeding, the entries at Olympia last week numbered 7,220, and the 2,000 exhibitors alone constituted a great crowd. Cocker spaniels, maintaining the supremacy they asserted before the war, were the most popular breed at the show, numbering 363 entries, and smooth Dachshunds came next with 293 entries. After that came the Labradors and the Pembroke Welsh Corgis, while miniature poodles, Cairn terriers and Alsatians all had a fair following. Exhibitors complain of the high costs of breeding these days. Before the war they paid as little as 25s. for 1 cwt. of meal. Now it costs just under £4. Once dogs got the best beef at 3½d. per lb.; now their owners are lucky if they can buy for them horse-meat at 8d., half of which often has to be thrown away. These breeders, however, are doing a good job for Britain, for dogs are dollar earners.

FROM TWO HEMISPHERES

NEWS FROM EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES

BERMUDA'S NEW GOVERNOR IS SWORN-IN AT HAMILTON: Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood in the Council Chamber where members of the Legislature and Service chiefs saw him take the oath of office administered by Chief Justice Sir Brooke Francis, who is seen in the foreground on the right. Lady Hood is standing on the left of the dais. A prominent figure at the ceremony was the American Naval Commander in Bermuda, who stood on Sir Alexander's left hand next to Mr. Addis, the Acting Governor. It will be remembered that in 1940 sites in Bermuda were leased to the U.S.A. as air and naval bases in exchange for destroyers; and in January 1941 Tucker and Morgan islands were opened to the U.S.A. on a ninety-nine-year lease as a flying-boat base. Sir Alexander Hood is a former Director-General of the Army Medical Services. He started his career in the R.A.M.C. in 1912

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY ON A ROMAN PILGRIMAGE: Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. J. G. Crowther at a meeting in Rome of the World Committee of Partisans of Peace. In the chair at the meeting was M. Frederic Joliot-Curie, the Nobel Prize-winner and an expert on atomic energy. The Dean is a member of the General Management Committee of the Partisans of Peace

THE NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER PO: This 600-yard-long bridge at Piacenza, 40 miles south of Milan, has just been declared open by President Enaudi. The original bridge suffered heavy bomb damage during the war. In all, 3,000 Italian bridges were destroyed, and of these 2,900 have now been rebuilt. For the bridge at Piacenza 1,700 tons of steel were used. Communications between Lombardy and Central Italy will now be speeded up

ELISABETH BERGNER AT AUGSBURG: For the first time since the war Miss Bergner, who emigrated to the United States fifteen years ago, is visiting the land of her birth on a personal appearance tour. She is seen at the theatre at Augsburg after giving a recital which included lyrics by Goethe and Shakespeare and a monologue from Shaw's *St. Joan*. During the Nazi regime her pictures were not shown in Germany, and even before Hitler came to power the Nazis worked up considerable feeling against her

DIVERTING THE RISS CREEK FROM AUSTRIA TO MAKE MORE POWER FOR SOUTH GERMANY: At this ceremony the creek, a tributary of the mighty Isar, which rises in the Austrian part of the Karwendel Mountains, was diverted from its original course through a 4½-mile-tunnel into Walchen Lake, near the boundaries of Bavaria and Tyrol. As a result of this diversion the generating station at the Walchen Lake will be able to increase its output by about 100,000,000 kilowatts a year. It has taken 1,200 workmen two years to drill through the mountain

GERMANY BUILDS HOUSES TO MEET THE NEEDS OF THE HOMELESS IN THE NEW SOVEREIGN STATE OF ISRAEL: This model home has been put on view in the British Sector of Berlin before being despatched to Tel Aviv with a consignment ordered by the representatives of the Jewish Agency. Each house has a living-room, bathroom and bedroom, and can be set up in a matter of hours. Israel has admitted so many refugees to her borders that she now has a vast housing problem which it may take several years to solve

CUBIC HONEYCOMB AND PATTERN FOR PROSPERITY : This is the 6,000,000-dollar Caribo Hilton Hotel now nearing completion at San Juan, Puerto Rico, and due to be opened in December in time for the Christmas festivities. In all, there are 300 air-conditioned rooms

BIDDING FOR THE CARIBBEAN TOURIST TRADE : The ocean-front view of the Caribo Hilton Hotel at San Juan, Puerto Rico. The unusually-designed hotel will have a swimming-pool, tennis courts, and a fishing pier on the 14-acre property. Puerto Rico, easternmost and smallest of the Greater Antilles, lies 75 miles east of Haiti. It was a Spanish possession until 1898, and since then has been a possession of the U.S.A. Although rich in natural resources, the Government of Puerto Rico is anxious to get a larger share of the tourist traffic within its grasp

SOVIET TRADERS ARRESTED IN THE UNITED STATES : Flanked by United States Marshals, the Treasurer of Amtorg (left centre) and the President of Amtorg, the official Soviet Trading Corporation, are marched from New York's Federal Courthouse after their arrest for failing to register as agents of a foreign Power. They were arrested at the Corporation's offices in New York following the receipt by the police of telegraphic instructions from Washington

MANHATTAN'S LATEST LINK WITH THE OUTER WORLD : The 3,000-yard tunnel between Brooklyn and the Battery is now nearing completion. It follows the arrowed lines shown in this picture. The tunnel starts at Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn (in foreground) and proceeds to the top of Governor's Island, where there is a ventilation tower. Battery Point is seen in the far distance. Manhattan is also linked by tunnels with the New Jersey shore

A DREAM HOUSE FOR FLYERS STRANDED IN THE ARCTIC OR ANTARCTIC : This pneumatic Quonset hut built from cotton fabric has been developed jointly by the United States Air Material Command Aero Laboratory and the United States Rubber Company. It has no internal braces and can be supported by as little as 1½ lb. air pressure, supplied by simple hand pumps. The fabric, in two layers, is 1 in. thick. The hut is coated with a compound proof against extreme cold, and will defy 100-m.p.h. gales. It is draught-proof, snowproof and waterproof. The pipe emerging on the left is a ventilator

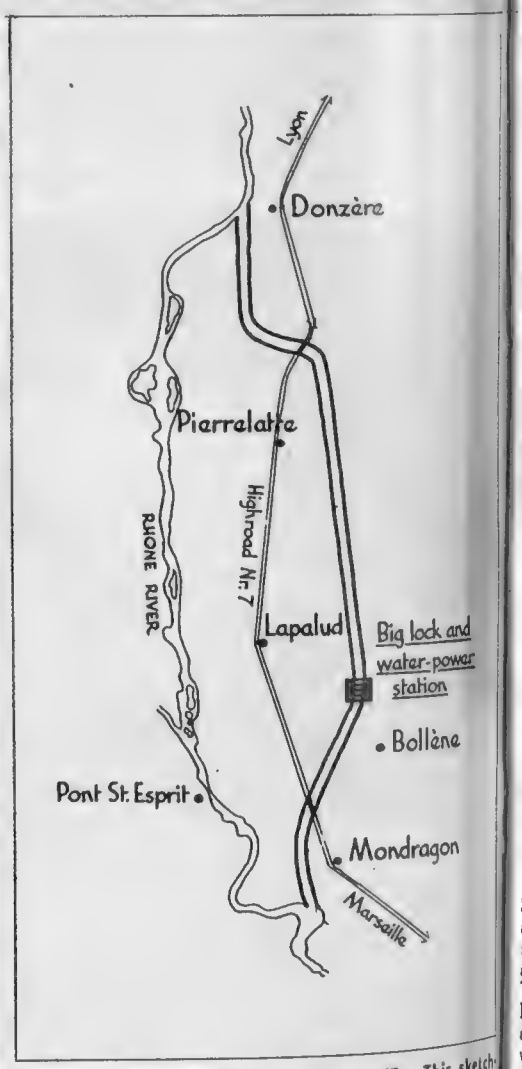
THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES : Mr. Alben W. Barkley, seventy-one-year-old President of the Senate and Mr. Truman's colleague in the 1948 election campaign, seen at St. Louis with his bride-to-be, Mrs. Carleton S. Hadley, a secretary in the employ of the Wabash Railroad Company. The thirty-eight-year-old widow made the announcement of the engagement at a Press conference which she held in her St. Louis flat. Afterwards she declared : "One of the first things I am going to do is to give notice at the office"

WHERE TWENTY-TWO ENDLESS-CHAIN SCOOPS ARE DIGGING OUT THE NEW RHONE CANAL: This picture was taken at the northern end of the workings near Donzere and 70 miles south of Lyons. As the earth and rock is brought up it is tipped into trucks and removed to a point where it is needed to build embankment walls. Twelve important French construction companies are engaged on this by-pass canal for the River Rhone, and when it is finished, ships will be able to avoid a stretch of the Rhone, notorious for its shoals and rapids

THE MIGHTY RHONE CANAL SCHEME

By-passing the River Between Lyons and Marseilles

IN LESS THAN THREE YEARS SHIPS WILL SAIL DOWN THIS DITCH: A section of the Rhone Canal diggings. Sixty million cubic metres of earth are having to be removed, and in order to tackle the project twelve companies have pooled their excavating equipment. Men in the middle distance are seen straightening the sides of a cutting following the initial work with picks and pneumatic drills. The project has so far been under way 2½ years



WHERE THE RHONE WILL BE BY-PASSED: This sketch-map shows the area near Donzere, south of Lyons and between Montelimar and Avignon, which is now the scene of the vast canal project. The canal, which will cost three times as much as the Suez, is providing five years' work for 5,000 men

WHERE A GIANT GENERATING STATION WILL HARNESS THE WATERS OF THE RHONE: Concrete foundations being put down for the hydro-electric plant which is being built in conjunction with the canal by-pass scheme. The plant will be in operation in 1952, and it is said that it will generate sufficient power to solve the serious electricity problems existing throughout south-eastern France

THE PREFABRICATED TOWN WHICH HAS RISEN BY THE RHONE: About 2,200 workers on the canal scheme live in these chalets, and about 300 of the men have their families with them. The chalets each have two bedrooms, a kitchen-living-room and a bathroom. The improvised town has its own shops, cinema and dance-hall

The Rhone, starting in the Bernese Alps as a rushing mountain torrent, does not alter much in its character throughout its course from Switzerland to the sea. It is always turbulent, and there is one stretch on the much navigated route between Lyons and Avignon where rapids and shallows are a constant danger to shipping. That stretch is now being by-passed by the new Rhone Canal which will branch off at Donzere and rejoin the river near Mondragon. This is without doubt the biggest canal project undertaken in the present century, and will cost three times the cost of the Suez Canal, money which has come from French national savings. The canal will put an end to continuous and costly dredging operations which have to be conducted throughout the year on the Donzere-Mondragon stretch of the river, and when the new by-pass is open in 1952 it will be possible for much bigger vessels to use the river than hitherto. Of no less importance is the big power station which is being built at the Bollene lock, towards the southern end of the canal. Together with the Genissiat Dam, already completed on the upper reaches of the Rhone between Geneva and Lyons, it will satisfy the power needs of south-eastern France for many years to come and will bring increased prosperity to a valley which has for centuries been a main artery of European commerce —in fact, ever since the days when the Romans traded with Gaul and founded their flourishing settlements along the Rhone and the Saone

BULLDOZING IN THE CANAL BED: This Diesel caterpillar tractor does the work of about fifty men. It is one of many American items of equipment being used on the Rhone project, which is being carried through with commendable speed. American engineers who have visited Donzere are much impressed with progress

THE MAIN AVENUE OF DACHAU, THE INFAMOUS CONCENTRATION CAMP OF THE NAZI REGIME WHICH HAS NOW BECOME A HOME FOR REFUGEES IN BAVARIA: The huts have been painted and decorated, and the former slave camp now houses many happy families

ONE OF THE NEW STORES IN THE MODERN DACHAU: Here refugee customers can buy wines, spirits and groceries from well-stocked shelves, and it is hard indeed to believe that this was once part of one of the most notorious camps in Europe

DACHAU'S HAPPIER ROLE

From Notorious Concentration Camp to Home for Refugees

FOUR TO DINNER: A young refugee and three grown-ups in the dining-room of a chalet. Tasteful furnishings and coats of paint have transformed the rooms

THE MILITARY BARRACKS AT DACHAU, NOW CLEANED AND RENOVATED, HOUSE A NUMBER OF REFUGEE FAMILIES IN QUIET COMFORT: In the distance is one of the watch towers, a reminder of the hideous days of Nazi brutality when so many were shot to death by the guards

Ten miles north-north-west of Munich, on the River Ammer, is the town of Dachau, well known before the First World War for its colony of landscape painters and well known to sufferers from rheumatic ailments for the curative properties of its mud-baths. When the Nazis came to power in 1933, Dachau was chosen as the site for one of their dreaded concentration camps. Dachau was the first and one of the worst of its kind. Behind its grim barbed-wire fences went thousands of those who would not toe the Nazi line. Other camps followed in swift succession—Buchenwald, Oranienburg, Papenburg and Belsen—and after the start of the war came the dreaded Auschwitz Camp, where 4,000,000 Poles are said to have perished. Some of the camps were devoted to special tasks, such as Ravensbruck, where the dehumanised guards undertook the correction of women, and Malthausen, Austria, which was pledged to the extermination of intellectuals and men of the officer class. Dachau, however, remained through the '30's and the years of war as one of the most feared of these abominable institutions, and when the Americans captured it in April 1945, they found some 32,000 political prisoners living there in conditions of terrible squalor. Against these prisoners some revolting crimes had been committed. The Americans at once set to work to clean up Dachau, and after doing so used the camp premises for the conduct of War Crimes Trials, bringing to justice many who had perpetrated their evil deeds on the spot. Lately Dachau has undergone a further transformation, and in the pictures on this page it is seen in its new and happier role as a refugee camp. It has been a wonderful transformation, but it is hard to believe that the sufferings of all who died there have not left their mark upon the place.

THE MONKS RETURN TO THEIR ANCIENT HOUSE AT AYLESFORD—THE PROCESSION CROSSING THE BRIDGE OVER THE MEDWAY ON ITS WAY TO THE FRIARY: Led by a Crucifer and Acolytes, the Friars walked through the village to resume residence at the Friary after an absence of 411 years. The Aylesford Friary, dissolved by King Henry VIII, was, in 1247, the meeting-place of the first general chapter of the Order in England. The Carmelites founded their Order on Mount Carmel in 1156

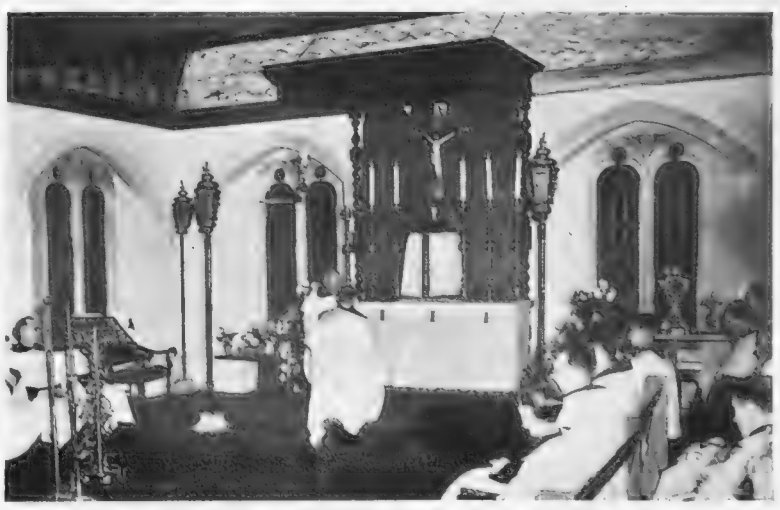
THE WHITE FRIARS RETURN TO KENT

The Carmelites at Aylesford after an Absence of 411 Years

THE PRIOR GENERAL OF THE CARMELITES WHO INDUCTED HIS BROTHER AS PRIOR OF AYLESFORD: The Most Rev. Father Kilian Lynch, Prior General of the Order (right) with the new Prior, Father Malachy Lynch

THE PRIOR GENERAL FROM ITALY ADDRESSES THE FRIARS DURING THE SERVICE WHICH MARKED THE REOPENING OF "THE FRIARS": The return of the Friars to their 700-year-old house has been made possible by the raising of £25,000 by Carmelite Friars in all parts of the world. This is the only pre-Reformation Friary ever to be reinhabited

PASSING THROUGH THE PICTURESQUE STREETS OF AYLESFORD: The Carmelites, wearing over their brown habits the white cloaks which had given them the name of White Friars, chanted the Litany of the Saints as they approached the precincts of their Friary grounds



WHERE THE FRIARS KEPT THE VIGIL OF ALL SAINTS: The Prior General seated in front of the altar, handing to his brother the scroll and seal of office during the induction service. The temporary chapel is housed in the old Refectory, the Friar church having been destroyed

The Carmelite Friars have returned to their original site at Aylesford after an absence of 411 years. They left "The Friars," an old house standing on the bank of the Medway, at the time of the dissolution of the Monasteries by King Henry VIII. This return has been made possible by the raising of money by Carmelite Orders throughout the world. It was the Prior General of the Order who persuaded the Carmelites to buy the Friary.

The Carmelite Friars first came to England with Sir Richard de Grey of Codnor, when he returned from the Crusades. He established a house for them at Aylesford and another in London. A fire in 1930 destroyed Stuart panelling and stairs at Aylesford, but it also revealed hidden features of the Refectory and Cloisters. The thirteenth-century church, whose foundations are to-day laid bare by trenches in the lawn, is to be rebuilt; and the Friary is to be dedicated in 1951 to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Next year the remains of St. Simon Stock, who was born in the Kent village, are to be re-buried in Aylesford. He died in 1265 and was buried in Bordeaux after founding Carmelite Orders in the universities of Europe.

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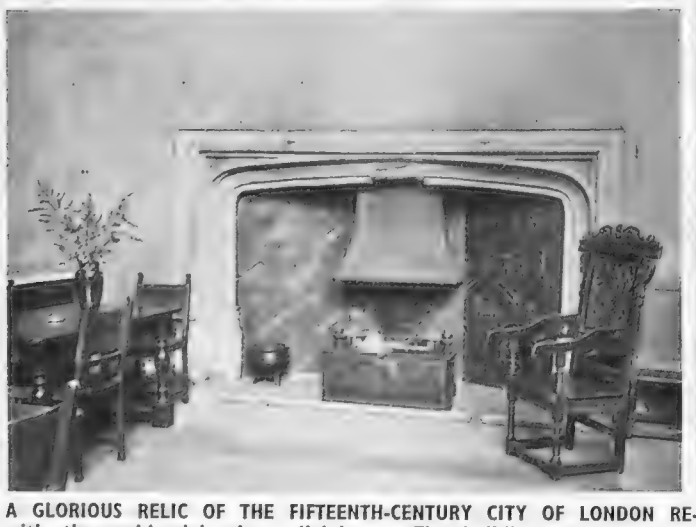
THE OAKEN ROOF OF CROSBY HALL: The hall, which once stood in the City of London and was re-erected stone by stone and beam by beam in Chelsea, is the International Hall of Residence for University women. Next week at Caxton Hall an International Sale is being held to raise £4,000 for Crosby Hall's endowment

CROSBY HALL and KEELE HALL

TWO CENTRES OF UNIVERSITY LIFE WHICH ARE IN THE NEWS

Crosby Hall, the International Hall of Residence in Chelsea for University women from all over the world, was first opened in 1927 by the British Federation of University Women, which had raised over £50,000 for the purpose of acquiring the hall and building a residential wing. The hall quickly became a centre for international culture and friendship, where university women from every country were able to live and study, meet and exchange views, come for short visits or use the club facilities provided. Crosby Hall was requisitioned during the war but reopened in 1946, and since this date approximately 3,000 university women from forty-five different countries have resided there. The Great Hall, originally part of the City Mansion of Sir John Crosby and re-erected in Chelsea in 1909, dates from 1466 and is of much historic interest. It was built by Sir John Crosby, a prosperous merchant, and was at one time occupied by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. It was used for the reception of Ambassadors to England, and in Medieval days was considered the finest building in London. After many vicissitudes Crosby Hall was pulled down in 1908 and removed from its Bishopsgate site to Chelsea in the succeeding two years.

The variety of nationalities, of professions and of interests represented at Crosby Hall make it unique among halls of residence. This year's residents and visitors have included three Fulbright scholars from America, one of whom is working at the Old Vic Theatre School, an Argentine graduate who is a hydro-geologist, two Australian sisters from Melbourne, one of whom is a lecturer in metallurgy, and the other a research chemist, a Canadian journalist, an Indian studying social science, and a Spanish university woman holding an important post as a museum director. The demand for accommodation is very great, and in 1946 an Endowment Fund was launched to complete the building by an additional residential wing, a library and further common rooms, and to endow a number of fellowships. On Tuesday, November 15, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone will open an international sale for the Fund at Caxton Hall, Westminster.



A GLORIOUS RELIC OF THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CITY OF LONDON RE-ERECTED IN CHELSEA: *Left*—An old fireplace at Crosby Hall, and (*right*) the Great Hall as it is to-day with the residential wing adjoining. The building stands near the northern approach to Battersea Bridge on part of what was Sir Thomas More's Chelsea property

KEELE HALL TO BE THE CENTRE OF A GREAT NEW EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT: Mrs. Martin Lindsay and her three children—the grandchildren of Lord Lindsay—walking in the grounds of Keele Hall. The house is to be opened next year as the University College of North Staffordshire. At the College every student will be required to do a year's course of general studies before he or she is permitted to specialise. It is hoped in this way to provide a much broader education than hitherto. The Manor of Keele was granted by Henry II in 1180 to Knights Templars, and on the suppression of that Order passed into the possession of the Knights Hospitallers, who held it until the property was confiscated at the Reformation by Henry VIII. The King sold Keele to Sir William Sneyd, and there his son and heir, Ralph Sneyd, "built a very proper and fine house of stone," which was completed in 1581. Keele was plundered during the Civil Wars, and narrowly escaped demolition by Cromwell's troops when its owner, Colonel Ralph Sneyd, suffered heavy losses for his devoted adherence to the Crown. The old hall was finally taken down in 1855, having become dilapidated, and the present mansion was erected on its site and in the same style of architecture

THIS ROOM WILL BE THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH STAFFORD: Dr. W. A. Jenkins, the Registrar, pointing out an unusual shield in the coat-of-arms above the fireplace

REPAIRING A VICTIM OF THE BLITZ IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S: Work is now going ahead on the burned-out Chapter House in St. Paul's Churchyard, and indeed the scaffolding will soon be removed from the upper storeys. All the new brickwork is as near as possible a facsimile of that destroyed during the war. It will be impossible ever to replace the interior panelling, the work of Grinling Gibbons. The woodwork of the Chapter House was completely destroyed and the walls left scorched and bare. When the interior is repaired and the walls and staircases replaced, it is proposed to use plaster as a basic covering. At the Chapter House in James II's time was performed the mock ceremony of degrading Samuel Johnson, Chaplain to William, Lord Russell

RESTORING CARVED FIGURES BELONGING TO THE FAMOUS SCREEN OF MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL: Mr. J. Page, an expert London wood-carver, at work on one of the statuettes which adorn the screen. Completed in 1574, of oak, the screen was presented by Huguenot refugees in gratitude for the sanctuary they found in England. It was badly shattered during the war. Last week the Queen, as Treasurer of the Middle Temple, attended Grand Night in the restored hall which she reopened last July. The gold plate was brought out for the occasion, and the historic loving-cup passed along the tables. Barristers and students, who are members of the Inn, as well as the Benchers, were present in force at a ceremony which had much of the picturesque pageantry associated with the earlier collegiate life of the Temple

PLYMOUTH RISES FROM THE ASHES

A City, with 114 Acres Obliterated by Bombs, is Being Rebuilt on Noble Lines

WHERE PLYMOUTH'S NEW CITY CENTRE WILL RISE: Here the two new roads, named by the King Royal Parade and Armada Way, meet beneath the shadow of St. Andrew's Church, and here in due time will rise a series of buildings in keeping with the dignity of the West Country's ancient seaport city; 114 acres out of a total of 193 acres of Plymouth were obliterated by bombs during the Second World War. Now Plymouth has been replanned by Mr. J. Paton Watson, the City Engineer, and Sir Patrick Abercrombie

PLYMOUTH IN 1947 WHEN WORK WAS JUST STARTING ON THE ROYAL PARADE: This view shows the clearance scheme in progress as mountains of rubble were removed from the blitzed heart of the city and preparations were made to drive through it one of the new main roads later named by the King. St. Andrew's Church, mother church of Plymouth, was largely destroyed, but its tower remained as a symbol of faith for the people of the stricken city

When Sir Francis Drake was Mayor of Plymouth he is recorded as having said: "It is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same, until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory." Those words have a special significance to-day as the new Plymouth begins to rise from the ashes of the old; for the picture is as yet far from complete, and the "true glory," as envisaged in the plans of Mr. Paton Watson and Sir Patrick Abercrombie, will not be plain to see for several years. What has been done in and around blitzed Plymouth, however, has been truly remarkable. The two great parkways, one stretching for nearly a mile through what will be the new city right up to the green sea-girt plateau of the Hoe, and the other bisecting it on an east-west axis, give a foretaste of the Plymouth that is to be, as also do the neighbourhood units. These small towns, forming greater Plymouth, are each self-contained, and they stand on land which it has cost Plymouth £3,000,000 to buy. The houses have been mass-produced, and represent a compromise between the architects' æsthetic standards and financial limitations, but they are all in a tasteful grey or cream, harmonising well with the surrounding landscape, and they have been sited with obvious forethought. Plymouth is planned as a city of precincts. The city centre is to be a cultural precinct of galleries and colleges. There will also be a precinct of offices, a shopping centre and a civic centre. The neighbourhood units, of which six have so far been completed, will constitute the residential precincts. Altogether it is a magnificent conception, this new Plymouth, and one of which the West Country is justly proud.

It is a strange reflection that this city, which sent Hawkins to the South Seas, Drake round the world, and the Pilgrim Fathers to America is now being sought out by men from every country in Europe, for the most part architects, who have come to see Plymouth's pattern for a brave new world. Last week, too, there came to that same city centre the men of the *Amethyst*, for the most part sailors of the West Country, and in the heart of the blitzed area, near St. Andrew's Church Plymouth's Lord Mayor welcomed them on behalf of the people.

ONE OF THE FINE NEW HOUSING ESTATES WHICH ARE RISING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PLYMOUTH: This is Blandford Road, on the Efford Estate, and a good example of modern planned development. Plymouth has been replanned as a series of neighbourhood units, each neighbourhood a separate community of 6,000 to 10,000 inhabitants with its church, public hall, shops and other amenities

HOW THE CITY CENTRE WAS CLEARED TO MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW ROADS: A bulldozer and a mechanical grab at work in Plymouth. On this site has been built Royal Parade, principal east-west axis of the city. In conception it is reminiscent of the Champs Élysées, the planned centre of a skilfully-planned city

THE ROAD WHICH THE KING NAMED — TRAFFIC ON THE HANDSOME DUAL CARRIAGEWAY OF ROYAL PARADE WHICH, TOGETHER WITH ARMADA WAY, BISECTS THE CITY: Some citizens of Plymouth declare that they would like less roads, more shops and lower rates, and they are indeed impatient to see the rise of the new city centre. Farseeing citizens, however, believe that these things are worth waiting for, and meanwhile housing development in the neighbourhood units goes ahead

SOME OF PLYMOUTH'S SIX THOUSAND NEW HOMES—THIS AERIAL VIEW SHOWS THE NEW NEIGHBOURHOOD UNITS WHICH ARE SPRINGING UP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PLYMOUTH: In the foreground is part of the Ham Estate and in the distance are Kings Tamerton and St. Budeaux. The estates are beautifully sited, taking advantage of the undulating nature of the country, following the contours of the valleys and running gracefully up the hillsides. Each new council house adds £5 10s. to Plymouth's rates for the next sixty years, and the rates have jumped from 10s. to 17s. 6d. in the pound during the initial years of re-development in the seaport city

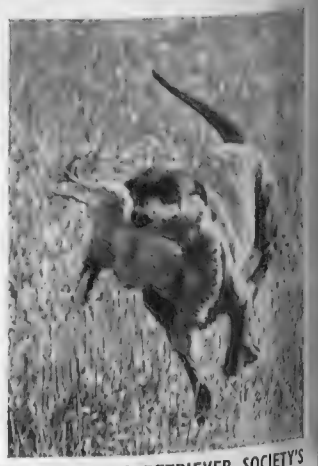
THE OPENING MEET OF THE TIVERTON : The hounds, riders and foot followers gathered in front of Knightshayes Court, Devon, at the first meet of the new season. Recent heavy rains have considerably improved the going, and in many parts of England the season started auspiciously. A year ago most hunting countries were deeply preoccupied with the Blood Sports Bill, then confronting Parliament, but fox-hunters appear to have surmounted this post-war crisis in their sport, and there are indications of better times ahead. In most hunting countries, however, fields are much smaller than in pre-war days, and funds are seldom adequate

ON WITH THE HUNT

Cubbing Gives Place to Hunting in the Shires and Provinces

MOVING OFF TO DRAW—THE MASTER OF THE OLD BERKELEY (WEST) LEADS THE FIELD FROM THE OPENING MEET : Mrs. H. T. Morton, the Master, followed by a good field after they had met at the kennels, Kimble Wick, near Princes Risborough. The Old Berkeley has always been a highly popular pack with Londoners

PAYING HER CAP : This little girl is making her contribution to the day's sport as the Old Berkeley (West) moves off to draw after the meet at the kennels



RETRIEVERS IN ACTION AT THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN COUNTIES RETRIEVER SOCIETY'S FIRST OPEN STAKE HELD AT SUTTON MANOR, SUTTON SCOTNEY, HANTS : *Left*—Mr. Stanley Bates's Labrador Sambo of Shawford. *Right*—Mr. J. Arthur Rank's Scotney Village Scarcity. Mr. Rank is one of the sport's greatest patrons

OUT WITH THE QUORN—THE CELEBRATED PACK MOVING OFF DURING ONE OF THE LAST OF THE CUBBING MEETS IN THE SYLVAN SURROUNDINGS OF PRESTWORLD, THREE MILES FROM LOUGHBOROUGH: Better scenting conditions towards the end of cubbing gave the young hounds a chance to take their share of responsibility in the pack

MAJESTIC OF GRESHAM SHOWS THE WAY: The Misses Hunts' dog at the Golden Retriever Club's 22nd Working Trials held at Moulsoe

HEAVY HOOVES THE MORNING DEW DISTURB: Hounds in a woodland lane during a cubbing meet of the Quorn, which produced a modest following and some first-rate training for all concerned

THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER CLUB'S 22ND WORKING TRIALS AT MOULSOE, NEAR NEWPORT PAGNELL: Owners and spectators waiting for the start of the day's sport. October and early November are important weeks for those interested in gun-dog trials, and there have been big meetings in various parts of the country. Coursing has also been getting under way with the South of England Club's meeting at Druid's Lodge

BOOKS, AUTHORS, AND BOOK BUYERS

The National Exhibition at Grosvenor House

By CHARLES GRAVES

AUTHORS certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Lord Kemsley for the public attention focussed on them by the National Book Exhibition at Grosvenor House, which concludes next Monday evening.

As Sir Duff Cooper has said, an author in Great Britain is grouped with clergymen, schoolmasters and veterinary surgeons, whereas in France he is considered as important as a duke, a general or even a Cabinet Minister. It is improbable, of course, that there will be any immediate rising in the social status of the author in spite of this exhibition, the first since 1938. The book-buying public has, however, a splendid chance of seeing their favourite writers in the flesh lecturing on anything from how and why books are murdered when turned into films, to giving their ideas of how to write a travel book about a long-lost country which has emerged above the waves of the Atlantic. By Monday night 140 authors will have aired their views or taken part in quizzes.

But what is the core of the book-buying public? The answer is probably about 80,000 people—many of them women. Two or three times a year, however, 300,000 or 400,000 members of the public suddenly decide to buy a book—anything from *The Good Companions* to the *Wooden Horse*.

No attempt has been made in the exhibition to raise the controversial question of the desirability of circulating libraries as far as authors are concerned. To the publishers they are a godsend because they act as an investment. But authors sometimes feel that their sales would be far greater if people had to buy their books instead of hiring them for a week or two.

There are altogether 70,000 books exhibited by over 100 publishers and 30 firms allied to the printing and publishing trade at Grosvenor House. Only one leading publisher, Gollancz, has refrained from exhibiting his wares. In which connection, special arrangements had to be made with the Booksellers' Association to overcome the normal rule that publishers may not sell their own books at retail prices. This difficulty has been overcome by arranging that the 25 per cent. of the profits go to the Booksellers' Association, 5 per cent. to the cost of the exhibition, and a further percentage (presumably 3 per cent.) to charities. Not that this will amount to a large sum of money to judge by the experience of one firm, which had sold only one book in the first two hours.

Walking inconspicuously around are a number of ex-Scotland Yard inspectors, whose very presence deters pickpockets and the better-known book-thieves. One of them was telling me how there are to-day only thirty well-known pickpockets compared with at least 150 before the war. It seems that the modern youth is too impatient to become a proper apprentice to the trade. Of book-thieves there are sixty or seventy known to the police, many of them with a considerable knowledge of the value of individual books, quite apart from their published price list. Female pickpockets are known to the police as "oysters," not as "dippers," which is the male slang phrase for them. "Oysters" specialise in unclipping the top of women's handbags in crowded stores and pulling out the purse from its recesses. . . .

In addition to the main displays of brightly jacketed books are a number of exhibitions inside the exhibition. One of them shows the dozens of processes through which a book passes, from the raw material of esparto grass and Canadian spruce, by way of copy formes and end papers, nipping machines, three-knife trimmers, chopping knives and lettering to the finished product. Another section is devoted to "Books you have never read." These are the greatest fun, and enable the visitor to see the small, humble original editions of such volumes as *Bradshaw's Guide*, *Crockford's Clerical Directory*, *Burke* and *Debrett*. But it makes one feel very old to see included in these historical relics Ely Culbertson's book on *Contract Bridge* published as recently as 1930. The first known *Golfers' Manual* was published less than 100 years ago, though the Royal and Ancient game was mentioned in a Statute of James IV of Scotland in 1457. As for lawn tennis, the first book of this most popular pastime was published in 1874, the game having been invented and patented by Major Walter Wingfield under the name of Sphairistike. The book itself is dedicated "To the party assembled at Nantclwyd in December 1873."

The earliest Jane's *All the World's Airships*, published in 1909, is opened at a page which reads: "Until the last few months the subject of flying, apart from mere ballooning, attracted neither interest nor attention, save from a few isolated experimenters. The extreme tendency of the British inventor to isolate himself and work in secret is responsible for the meagre details about some machines and the possible omission of some others."

Other rare first editions are *Lloyds Register of Shipping* 1764, Roget's *Thesaurus* 1852, *Whitaker's Almanack* 1869, and the *Navy List* of 1814. At that time (1814), although officers were debarred from accepting other employment, their pay was miserably inadequate, except when on active service. Moreover, the early *Navy Lists* were littered with names of flag officers and captains of ninety and lieutenants of eighty, all theoretically liable for active service because their was no compulsory age limit for retirement. Two other fascinating exhibits are a *Handbook for Travellers on the Continent* (1836) and the *London Pharmacopœia* (1618). The early editions of this remarkable volume include prescriptions which involve extracts of human and animal fats, spider's webs, unicorn's horn, virgin's milk and other peculiar old wives' remedies. Even in the fifth edition, edited in 1748 by Mead, the famous physician of St. Thomas's, crab's eyes and wood lice are retained as ingredients of certain remedies. The sixth edition in 1788 introduced many new drugs still in general use, and recommended the famous powders associated with the name of Thomas Dover, the buccaneer who rescued Alexander Selkirk (10 grains each of opium, sulphate of potash and ipecacuanha).

Another section of the exhibition is devoted to leisure and books recommended by the various publishers for the pursuit and enjoyment of one's spare time. The exhibits include anything from atlases and books on soap carving, to golf manuals and illustrated volumes devoted to wild animals and fruit-growing.

There is also a competition corner where for the price of 6d. the visitor is invited to win £50 by the placing of eight books in order of preference if he were marooned on a desert island. They are the complete works of Shakespeare, *Our Mutual Friend* *Tom Jones*, the Jane Austen *Omnibus*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, *Amateur Boat Building* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. On the face of it, the *Amateur Boat Building* would have high priority, but it is stipulated that the placing of the books is to be done in terms of their being "literary companions," and not as aids to survival or escape. Presumably, therefore, *Amateur Boat Building* must come last.

The Boys' and Girls' Book Room is another interesting feature. Beatrix Potter, of course, remains a best-seller in every age, although Enid Blyton has been coming up fast since the war. Books for the very young cannot make any marked contribution to literature any more than the adventures of Billy Bunter over the past forty years. It was nice, however, to see such classics as *Æsop's Fables*, *Black Beauty* and *Robinson Crusoe* back in print again.

The average member of the public must find it difficult sometimes to understand what makes a best-seller, or, indeed, what are the world's best-sellers apart from the Bible. I remember being told by a publisher with great glee that he had been entertaining his most successful author to luncheon. I asked his name and immediately recognised it. He was a nice old boy, who lived modestly in retirement in North Wales on the enormous royalties from his forty-year-old textbook on Algebra.

As I write, it is not known whether Somerset Maugham will be well enough to lecture on Monday afternoon at Grosvenor House. If he does, he will probably repeat what he said at Monte Carlo eighteen months ago in my presence that a young writer has less chance of becoming a best-seller than a gambler has of getting an *en plein* several times consecutively at roulette. He also said, as I recall it, that none of D. H. Lawrence's works sold more than 3,000 copies during his lifetime. A very sobering thought.

"IN FRANCE A GREAT MAN OF LETTERS HAS THE PRESTIGE OF A DUKE, A GENERAL OR EVEN A CABINET MINISTER. IN ENGLAND HE IS APT TO BE RELEGATED TO THE LIMBO INHABITED BY SCHOOLMASTERS AND VETERINARY SURGEONS": Sir Duff Cooper, former Ambassador to France, making his brief but brilliant speech at the opening of the "Sunday Times" National Book Exhibition at Grosvenor House. Sir Duff told his audience that the Statesman's job was to create the atmosphere of liberty in which great literature could flourish. "A regime can be tested better by the books that are written than by all the laws that are passed." There is much to see at the National Book Exhibition, over 100 publishers contributing about 30,000 books to the display. In a specially prepared lecture theatre about 140 authors and others are discussing various aspects of literature during the period of the exhibition. Mr. Winston Churchill spoke on the riches of the English literary heritage. Seen seated on Sir Duff Cooper's right hand are Sir John Anderson, the former Chancellor, and Lady Kemsley. On his left hand are Lord Kemsley and Lady Diana Cooper

"CHURCHILL DAY" AT THE NATIONAL BOOK EXHIBITION: Mr. Churchill with Lord Kemsley at Grosvenor House. Britain's wartime Premier received from Lord Kemsley the £1,000 award and gold medal for his war memoirs

PERSONALITIES AT THE GROSVENOR HOUSE QUIZ: From right to left are Negley Farson, Pamela Frankau, R. C. Sherriff, Ruth McKenney and Geoffrey Gorer. Standing in the background are Val Gielgud and Eric Gillett

THE NEW DOUBLE-DECKER TRAIN APPROACHES WATERLOO : The train consists of eight coaches, with a seating capacity of 1,104 seats, as compared with a normal eight-car train, which has 772 seats. This means there are just over four seats in a double-decker for every three in existing carriages

DOUBLE-DECKED ELECTRIC

British Railways Inaugurate an Experimental Service

THE TWO TYPES OF PASSENGER ELECTRIC TRAIN COMPARED : The double-decker (left) standing beside a normal coach at Charing Cross Station. On the initial run Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, and Mr. Barnes, Minister of Transport, journeyed to Dartford and back

HOW THE UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS COMPARTMENTS ARE PLACED IN RELATION TO EACH OTHER : In all, there are six double compartments with eleven seats below and eleven up above. The windows of the upper deck are fixed

The lines between London and Dartford serve a very heavily populated area. For many years it has not been possible to provide seats for everybody during the rush hours, and the experiment with double-decked coaches is accordingly being tried out on that route. It will be watched closely by those engaged in the development of this type of transport, and the reactions of the public using the upper compartments will be noted in particular. Whether people can get in and out of the coaches quickly enough to maintain present time schedules must be proved before further coaches can be built. In an eight-coach double-decker train there are 332 additional seats as compared with an eight-coach single-decker. This is a 25-per-cent. improvement, and it is possible that with the double-decker British Railways really have found the answer to their biggest traffic problem. If so, hard-pressed north-east London will no doubt be given a share of the new coaches as they roll off the assembly-line, for on the Liverpool Street routes early-morning and early-evening congestion has, on and off, been headline news for half a century. The upper compartments differ little from those below, but because of the loading-gauge windows are fixed.

A LOWER-DECK COMPARTMENT : On the left is the stairway leading to the upper deck. This stairway eliminates one seat, allowing six on one side and five on the other side

THE WARSHIP THAT WAS SCRAPPED—THE KEEL OF THE 65,000-TON CARRIER "UNITED STATES" LYING IN SHIPWAY NO. 11 AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, AFTER IT HAD BEEN ANNOUNCED LAST SPRING, FOLLOWING A PERIOD OF RUMOUR AND COUNTER-RUMOUR, THAT ALL CONSTRUCTION WORK ON THE GIANT VESSEL WOULD CEASE: This surprise move was speedily interpreted as a victory for the strategists of the United States Air Force over the strategists of the United States Navy in the struggle between the Services which began when the Air Force was constituted separately and the three Services were placed under an overall chief, the Secretary of Defence. That struggle has now reached its climax with the outspoken testimony given by America's admirals before the Armed Services Committee of the House of Representatives. That testimony is for the most part directed against the world's largest bomber, the B 36, described as "a billion-dollar blunder"

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE IN WASHINGTON

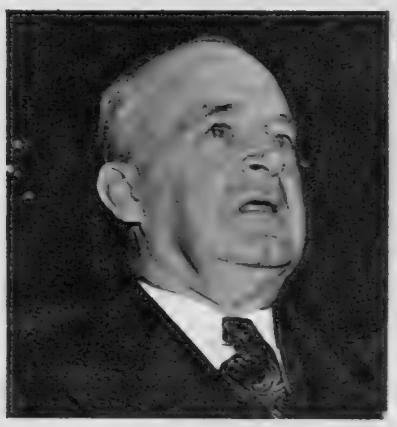
The Admirals Go to War Against Louis Johnson's Defence Unification

WHERE THE GREAT DRAMA HAS BEEN PLAYED OUT—THE ARMED SERVICES COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION ON WASHINGTON'S CAPITOL HILL: Testifying before the Committee is Admiral Radford, the officer who built the American Navy's wartime air arm and for long an outspoken enemy of unification of the Armed Services. Admiral Radford bitterly attacked the policy of the U.S. Air Force in placing all its faith in the giant B 36, which he declared would be shot down before reaching its targets if engaged in a modern war. It was a bad gamble with national security, he indicated. He caused a national sensation when he told the Committee that Admirals Halsey, Nimitz, King, Leahy, Blandy, Conolly and Denfield were among those who shared his views "on the large issue involved"

IS IT A BILLION-DOLLAR BLUNDER?—THE CONSOLIDATED B 36, THE WORLD'S LARGEST LAND-BASED BOMBER, UPON WHICH THE NEWLY CONSTITUTED AMERICAN AIR FORCE HAS CONCENTRATED A LARGE PART OF ITS RESOURCES, MUCH TO THE SCORN OF THE UNITED STATES ADMIRALS: Admiral Radford, star witness for the Navy in the big battle on Capitol Hill, declared that the B 36 is "unacceptably vulnerable and it constitutes a billion-dollar blunder." The Air Force, he said, had pictured this six-engined battleship of the skies as flying majestically at 40,000 ft. undetected by radar, unreachable by fighters. He flatly disputed such claims

THE CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS WHO SPOKE HIS MIND: Admiral Louis E. Denfield, who came before the House Committee and as senior military spokesman for the Navy, supported the conclusions of the naval and marine officers who had already testified. Within a few days it became known that President Truman had moved Denfield from his key post

HALSEY AND THE B 36: Admiral Halsey told the Committee: "The principal weapon in our arsenal should be a weapon designed to conduct siege operations"



HE SPOKE FOR THE MARINE CORPS: General A. A. Vandergrift. This former commandant accused the Defence "High Command" of seeking to destroy the Corps

FIGHTING A REARGUARD ACTION: America's Secretary for Air, Mr. Stuart Symington, who had the opportunity of taking the witness stand last week

THE ATOM BOMB TEST COMMANDER: Admiral Blandy before the Committee. He is C.-in-C. Atlantic Fleet

HE DENIED THAT THE ARMY IS PRO AIR FORCE AND ANTI NAVY: General Lawton Collins, United States Chief of Staff

ROUND HIS HEAD THE BATTLE RAGES: Defence Secretary Johnson, whose unenviable task it is to co-ordinate the Services

A bitter battle between the American Air Force (backed by the Army) and the American Navy is now raging in Washington over the vexed question of whether the United States can rely on the giant B 36 bomber as its primary strategic weapon, and over the even larger issue of the general organisation of the nation's defences.

The present battle, now being fought out in public before the full-dress investigation of the House Armed Services Committee, is a direct outcome of the lesson learnt in the Second World War when there was a lamentable lack of unified command in the Pacific campaigns.

After the war the question of unification became a vital one in Washington, and under the National Defence Act of 1947 a new Air Force Department equal in status with the Army and Navy was brought into being, and at the same time there was established a Department of Defence with Cabinet rank and with general powers of supervision over all three Services. The Secretaries for the three Services, however, were still left with a wide measure of control. The 1947 Act also set up the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in which the Army and Air Force Chiefs of Staff were charged with co-operation with the Chief of Naval Operations. The arrangement never at any time seemed to work well. The Joint Chiefs could not agree, and the first Defence Secretary, the late Mr. James Forrestal, seemed quite unable to resolve the conflict. This year the top posts in strategic planning have been held by General Omar Bradley (non-voting Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff), General Lawton Collins (for the Army), General Hoyt Vandenberg (for the Air Force) and Admiral Louis Denfield (for the Navy). Admiral Denfield has really been in a minority of one on this Committee, and as a result the dispute has steadily intensified. The Navy has been fearful that it is being relegated to a secondary strategic role, and this became apparent earlier in the year when work was stopped on the Navy's giant new carrier, the 65,000-ton *United States*, and this after the Air Force had been told to go right ahead with production of the giant B 36. Upon this bomber with a 10,000-lb. load and a 10,000-mile range, the Air Force, with Secretary Johnson's blessing, decided to concentrate a major share of its resources. How this battle of the Services came out into the open is a piece of recent history, arising in large measure from the determination of a certain Captain Crommelin who, in a dark corridor of the National Press Building in Washington, handed a document to reporters which set the ball rolling on Capitol Hill. The subsequent hearing has been a battle royal between the Services, and in an atmosphere heavy with bitterness nearly all America's senior naval commanders have subscribed to the view that under the new defence line-up the American Navy is, in their opinion, being "nibbled to death." Admiral Radford, star witness for the Navy, has not only attacked the B 36 bomber, but he has attacked also the whole theory of atomic annihilation in war. Admirals Halsey, Blandy and Denfield are among those who have supported the theory, and last week there was no surprise when President Truman, acting on the advice of Secretary of the Navy Matthews, removed Admiral Denfield from his position as Chief of Naval Operations. As a result, the fight is now on more than ever, and it looks as if Admiral Denfield's successor as Chief of Naval Operations will be faced with the antagonism of nearly all his subordinates if he carries on the Johnson policy. At the time of writing comes further news of heavy reductions in the U.S. Navy's combat ships.

NOVEMBER DAYS

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

BUILDING A NEW DAM IN THE MIDLANDS: This view looks along the summit of the great barrier 100 yards long and going into the ground to a depth of 85 ft. The dam is situated at Blithfield, six miles from Uttoxeter, and will form a new reservoir which will hold 4,000,000,000 gallons of water badly needed in the industrial areas of South Staffordshire, where there is an acute water shortage at the end of most summers. Work has been in progress at Blithfield for the past eighteen months and it is scheduled to reach completion by the summer of 1952. Ninety thousand tons of concrete will go into the wall, which is banked in front with gravel in the manner of most of the larger reservoirs. The concrete will prevent the water seeping through

THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: Professor Andrade, who succeeds Professor E. K. Rideal, at work in the Davy Faraday Research Laboratory to which he has just been appointed Director. Edward Neville de Costa Andrade, F.Inst.P., D.Sc. (London), was formerly Professor of Physics at the University of London and Advisor to the Director of Scientific Research, Ministry of Supply. He is an expert on the structure of the atom

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN SPLINTS: The centre-piece of the City of London is undergoing extensive redecorating and renovation. The first Royal Exchange was built on this same site by Gresham in 1568, and was called Royal after a visit by Queen Elizabeth in 1571. It was burned down in the Great Fire. The second building was completed in 1670 and it also was burnt down in 1838. The present building was opened by Queen Victoria in 1844, and cost £168,534. The centre of Empire trade for hundreds of years, its activities are represented by seventeen figures in the tympanum. There are also figures of the Lord Mayor, an Alderman, a Councillor, and also figures of a Hindu, a Muhammadan, a Greek, a Turk, and a Persian. The motto of the Exchange is "The Earth is the Lord's and the Fullness thereof." Frescoes inside the Exchange depict episodes in London's history. So far as the building's original purpose is concerned, the Royal Exchange is simply a relic. Lloyd's departed in 1928, and the building now houses assurance offices

HOLDING BACK FATHER THAMES IN PREPARATION FOR THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: This is the new granite wall which is being extended from County Hall to Waterloo Bridge, reclaiming an area of over four acres from the Thames which will provide a permanent promenade on the South Bank and a frontage during the period of the Great Exhibition, due to take place in 1951. Each section of the wall is being built within a coffer-dam, and it is constructed of Cornish granite. The output of several quarries in Cornwall has been fully engaged in meeting this embankment contract. The wall is over 40 ft. high. Its total length will be 1,700 ft., and so far 350 ft. have been completed

A SON OF BIRMINGHAM CELEBRATES HIS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ORDINATION—CARDINAL GRIFFIN AT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF WESTMINSTER ON ALL SAINTS' DAY: The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster assisted at the Pontifical Mass which was sung in his honour by Bishop Myers on the occasion of the Cardinal's jubilee. Cardinal Griffin, who has been Archbishop of Westminster since 1944, has recently been in ill-health. He was created a Cardinal in 1946. Bernard W. Griffin, before his arrival at Westminster, was associated with his native Birmingham for many years. He was born in 1899 and ordained to the priesthood in 1924

THE ALL SAINTS'-TIDE CONSECRATION AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE THREE NEW BISHOPS AFTER THE SERVICE: Over thirty bishops witnessed the service conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. On left is the Rev. Cyril Eastaugh, lately Vicar of St. John the Divine, Kennington, who was made Bishop Suffragan of Kensington, in place of Bishop Campbell, translated to Guildford. Centre: The Rev. Spencer Leeson, Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, who was made Bishop of Peterborough in place of the Right Rev. Claude Blagden, who has retired. On right: The Rev. Nigel Cornwall, for many years associated with the Universities' Mission to Central Africa in the Diocese of Masasi, who was made Bishop of Borneo, the new name for the Diocese of Labuan and Sarawak. On the same day at York two Bishop's Suffragan were consecrated for the Northern Province

TO THE MEN OF THE GREEN BERET: Lord Lovat, wartime Commando leader, who took part in the successful right flanking assault in the Dieppe raid, appraising the model which has won the competition organised by the Commando Benevolent Fund to find the most suitably designed memorial to commemorate the achievements of Commando units in the Second World War. A Dundee sculptor, Mr. Scott Sutherland, winner of the competition, will be commissioned to build the memorial, which will be erected on a ridge 100 ft. high, near Spean Bridge, and will look across to Ben Nevis

GENTLEMEN, YOUR GUIDES! The Headmaster of Eton introducing his German guests, who had taken tea in his rooms, to the senior boys who conducted them round the College. The Germans (a party of politicians, officials, educationists, civic authorities and journalists) came over from Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, where they are attending a conference on the Basis of British Policy. Wilton Park, formerly a Prisoner-of-War University, provides courses in citizenship and common European problems, which are designed to be impartial and realistic. Back in Germany, the Wilton students will have a clearer idea of the British way of life, and, it is hoped, will use their influence to get others to take the course

FORGING A CAREER: The village blacksmiths of the future—in Essex villages at least—will be every bit as skilled as their forbears with "the large and horny hands." Essex Rural Community Council has organised a course in farriery, and seventeen students, all apprentices and working smiths, are taking the course. In the course, which is organised on behalf of the Mid-Essex Technical College, Chelmsford, students learn correct and scientific shoeing, diseases of the horse, and the anatomy of a horse's leg. Students take the examination of the Worshipful Company of Farriers to become "Registered Shoeing Smiths." Instructor H. W. Dean, F.W.C.F., is seen in this picture teaching a class practical shoeing at Wood's Forge, Chelmsford

THE CARAVAN VILLAGE IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD: Mr. John Norman Kelly has established his village on a once-gaping bomb site. After filling in a few forms and a bomb-crater, Mr. Kelly, together with his wife and their dog, took possession of the site. They live in one of the caravans, and all the rest are for sale. On one day also 2,220 home-hungry house-hunters visited the site, and with the new housing cuts, Mr. Kelly is expecting more. After school hours it is, of course, a happy hunting-ground for the children

New Lamps and Old

THIS WAS EDWARDIAN ENGLAND

A Revaluation of a Sometimes Derided Era By JOHN GORE

THE EDWARDIAN AGE.—The hard and brilliant era of King Edward VII's reign is kept vividly in my memory by journeys on my normal occasions.

Once or twice a month I drive along the Midhurst-Chichester road and pass by West Dean House. That sheltered stretch of road is still redolent with the scent of those faded roses and the lees of champagne. On the left hand still stands the arboretum wherein was set up the great palanquin which served for the four-course luncheons between the slaughter of those hecatombs of pheasants by King Edward and his friends. And still I see him, cigar in mouth and Homburg hat on head, genially beaming with immense dignity and zest, in the centre of a group of beautifully tailored ladies, foreign favourites and front-rank killers, behind the ranks of the slain.

And on the right hand, up a steep path, still stands a little flint-built cottage, and here lived an underkeeper and his wife, the salt of the earth. His wages never exceeded 17s. a week. They brought up twelve children, seven sons served in the First World War. Their mother's longest pilgrimage had been to Chichester. They were immensely happy and respected. . . .

You cannot condemn a whole nation for its faults and fashions, for its blindness or recklessness. I doubt if you can ridicule a small village for "thinking the earth is flat." There is always a minority. No doubt, it is easier to condemn an individual, especially if he has assumed leadership. But even that is not unconditional condemnation. As I grow older, I find myself growing unexpectedly more tolerant, and particularly as regards our dead yesterdays. In part this tolerance has come by reaction from the writings of clever young men and women who for so long so feebly panted after Lytton Strachey in clumsily "debunking" all ages but their own.

Their own age, it is true, needed no debunking. It could look after itself. Their efforts at debunking their ancestors have convinced me at least that the laugh is on the other side of the Styx.

Sense of Guilt.—Ridicule is a whip for folly. It is accounted folly when sane men imitate sheep. But, if life be a boon, it must be counted equal folly to follow like sheep to the slaughter or to follow like sheep extravagant fashions designed at least to sweeten existence. I cannot bring myself to ridicule Bacon for wearing "those absurd trunk-hose" or a Victorian primate or premier for sitting over the port at 10 p.m. after a seven-course dinner (while little kitchen-maids waited up to wash the last dishes). These things were (historically at least) trivialities, conventions of an age. To have resisted them would have been mere eccentricity; to follow them interfered not at all with the serious business of life.

In a word and in particular, I am convinced that we have overdone our guilty self-consciousness of the criminality and immorality, the blind selfishness, the extravagance of the Edwardian Age. We have come to remember it and with shame for its social follies as the last kick of Privilege in the Halls of Privilege, with the columns obviously sagging and the knocking on the door fit to wake the dead. We have forgotten its enormous political importance, the wealth of its liberal and reforming legislation, its inspiration to scientific and especially medical advancements, its culture, its greatness. For if its brilliance was sometimes hard, sometimes garish, it was Olympian.

It is only natural that some of those who experienced the reign as adults should cast longing, lingering looks behind them as they drive on along their present stony road and question with almost doubt whether those sweets of liberty and light, of ease and elegance, were ever theirs to enjoy and even to grow bored with from excess. Did it really happen or was it but a beautiful dream? "It all took place exactly as we say"—and with knobs on. For the half is not retold us by memory.

A RELIC OF THE REGENCY: In this once-beautiful Georgian house at St. Leonards, Queen Victoria as a young Princess stayed with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. To-day, dilapidated and shabby, the building, known as Crown House, is the object of attention by the Georgian Group and the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments. The two societies, with St. Leonards' citizens to help, are hoping to persuade Hastings Council to make a preservation order for this fine example of Regency architecture

BLEAK HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS, WHERE DICKENS SPENT HIS SUMMER HOLIDAYS AND WROTE SEVERAL OF HIS NOVELS: The house on the cliff-top, which was offered for sale this week by its octogenarian owner, commands a fine view of the Channel. It has been much advertised in the United States, and fears have been expressed that Bleak House might be bought for transhipment to America

But you cannot condemn a whole nation, a whole generation, a whole section of society for the fashions or the follies of a day. Come, let us revise our judgment on the Edwardian era.

An Era Revalued.—Political history comes first. The reign was packed with important historical events and legislation. Changing conditions, rather than diplomatic genius, caused Britain to abandon isolation and once more to intervene in the balance of the Powers. The Japanese naval treaty and the French and Russian *ententes* belong to the period. Twice or thrice at least we were brought as near to world war as made no matter. The war in South Africa ended, to be followed soon enough by the North Sea incident in the Russo-Japanese war, by events in Morocco (1905), and by Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908.

In domestic politics, the fever of party strife rose again as high as in 1831. Before elimination, the Conservative Government put on the Statute Book a fine measure of "municipal socialist" reforms, well in advance of current political thought. Balfour's Education Bill and Chamberlain's Tariff Reform banished the Tories and split family life, and in the end brought our ancient constitution to the verge of collapse, via Lloyd George's Budget and the Parliament Bill controversy.

Science was opening out an entrancing vista of possibilities, fine and fearful. Wireless flicked at Poldhu, motor-cars and submarines combusted internally, electricity reformed London's underground system, telephones and modern equipment, such as typewriters and filing systems, speeded business. American fashion and foibles revolutionised our Victorian repose and swifter transport produced the "week-end" impulse to constant movement.

Yet the world clung to peace for a little longer and the papers flared their headlines over Richardson's bowling and classic murder trials. Night life in London was still crude with the Empire and "Continental" parade of courtesans, and the "popular" Sunday papers were mere sewers. There were scores of journals devoted solely to Society doings and personalities and to Gaiety belles.

It is too easy to remember the dancing and grog and to forget the serious and the uplifting. In that hectic last kick, the Labour Party emerged as a political force and the Trades Union Movement attained to maturity. Medical science, too, made vast progress and hospital management attained new heights. (Do I not live also in view of King Edward's great sanatorium above Midhurst, to recall me to toleration and balance?)

And literature and poetry were not dormant.

The reign gave us *The Dynasts*; Meredith and Bridges were still writing; Kipling, Beerbohm, Bennett, Wells, Shaw and Galsworthy were turning out masterpieces. If Elinor Glyn's *Visits of Elizabeth*, or Hope's *Dolly Dialogues*, or Benson's *Dodo* epitomise the Edwardian Age in one field, it is but one and a trivial field. It was a great age, for all its vulgarity and showmanship almost Elizabethan. Poverty and want lay below the tinsel, but all classes—let us never forget it—were hopeful and there were pickings. . . . The miners cheerfully betted on Lord Ripon's rocketing pheasants; the "poor, overstrained domestic servants" reaped huge rewards in tips and even decorations, and even the underlings carried the batons of butlers and ladies' maids; and liberty and fierce individualism, and hope of advancement unhandicapped by restrictions and regimentation kept the race virile in suffering or surfeit.

With all its faults, the age was a late bloom of Elizabethanism. That age also had its vulgar side. Let us not be too self-conscious about the Edwardian era. As a corrective, let us recall that at the apex of our vaunted Edwardian brilliance, visitors from America found us dull, heavy and stupid. Let us preserve our sense of proportion and then our nostalgia will be less shamefaced.

THE SWEEPING VIEW FROM THE STUDY WINDOW OF BLEAK HOUSE: The picturesque bay at Broadstairs on which Charles Dickens looked out during his working hours

"WITH BEST WISHES"

It is not too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a gift will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the price of the subscription. Canada, £5. Elsewhere abroad, £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

LATE-OCTOBER CONTRASTS IN BRITAIN'S FAR NORTH—FLOODS IN PEEBLESSHIRE AND SNOW IN CUMBERLAND: Heavy rains throughout the country after the long summer drought caused flooding over wide areas. *On left*—A view of Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, with flood-waters overflowing the countryside. *On right*—Ramblers ascending the white-mantled top of Helvellyn, Keswick, in bright sunshine after an autumnal fall of snow. The October rainstorms, which heralded cooler weather, were particularly heavy in Scotland. On one day alone parts of the country had ten hours' continuous rain. Winds of gale force raged off the Argyll coast

GALE HAVOC IN BLYTH HARBOUR, NORTHUMBERLAND—AN OVERTURNED HEADQUARTERS-SHIP AFTER HER BATTLE WITH THE LATE-OCTOBER RAINSTORMS: The overturned ship "Tyne," in the right centre of the picture, was, until the last week of October, the floating headquarters of the Royal Northumberland Yacht Club. Flooded rowing-boats may also be seen alongside the hull of the "Tyne." The submerged hut in the foreground was the steward's drawing-room. It is of wooden construction and was situated aft on the deck. Mr. Charles Wilson, a steward, and his wife managed to jump ashore before the vessel heeled over

Commentary on the Weather

THE HAVOC OF THE GALES

SNOW IN BRITAIN'S FAR NORTH

On right—A photographer having noticed an approaching storm over Blackpool set up his camera opposite the holiday centre's tower, which was illuminated. He opened the shutter of the camera and, ten seconds later, a lightning flash descended to the lightning conductor on top of the tower. The developed picture disclosed this remarkable result

Below—After the gales and rainstorms had brought lower temperatures, snow fell in Britain's far north at points south of Ben Nevis. In the Glenshee district of Perthshire the first snow caused drifts to a depth of several feet

A VERY RARE PICTURE TAKEN DURING THE HEIGHT OF AN AUTUMN STORM: A very remarkable chance picture of Blackpool Tower taken in late October as a lightning flash came in contact with the conductor

AFTER SHELTERING IN DOVER HARBOUR THE "ARCHGLEN" IS DRIVEN ASHORE AT EAST CLIFF—A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE ILL-FATED COASTAL COLLIER: The 147-ton British vessel was driven ashore from her moorings during the storm around Britain's coast after the end of the long summer drought. These four pictures show the "Archglen" at various stages during her battle with the raging seas. The gale in which the vessel foundered was considered to be one of the worst ever known on that part of Britain's coast. The Dover lifeboat, which brought off the five members of "Archglen's" crew, used a rope-ladder during her rescue operations. The master stayed on board. Steel hawsers failed to pull the vessel off the rocks when it became known that the engine-room was flooded

A PICTURESQUE AUTUMNAL SCENE NEAR THE DEVIL'S ELBOW AFTER THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THAT AREA: A view of the Perth-Braemar Road under its first covering of snow's white mantle

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

An IMPRESSIVE ARRAY of NOVELS

New Fiction from England, the United States of America, and Russia

FROM England, America and Russia-via-America come this week's impressive collection of novels, most of which deal with our own times, or times within living memory, even if their themes are not familiar in our own experience. Mr. Christopher Morley, for instance, has written of an endearing and at the same time exasperating character, his own version of Everyman, in THE MAN WHO MADE FRIENDS WITH HIMSELF (Faber. 10s. 6d.). He is a literary agent whose wide reading and squirrel-like memory make him not only retentive of a thousand tags and quotations, but relentless in their use. Being of his particular profession, he is also meticulous in ascribing them to the correct authors.

This may not be your or my idea of a universal character—there is nobody like him in my village, for instance—but there is no denying that it is an amusing character, or that his amorous, physical and intellectual adventures make witty reading. It 's a wonderfully discursive book, to be taken after meals like a rich sweet, and it is often very funny.

Mr. John Horne Burns, on the other hand, has scarcely anything funny to say, and says what he has to say earnestly. LUCIFER WITH A BOOK (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is a story of life in an American private school, which roughly corresponds to what we call a public school. To this academy come a man and a woman teacher in the year 1947, both of whom have a dedicated sense of the importance of their work among the young, and both of whom have seen service during the war.

Almost at once they find themselves in conflict with the hidebound traditional elements of the rest of the staff, and the book is for the most part the account of their rebellions and acceptances, as well as the account of their violent, even lurid affair. The publishers would have it that the book is not without relevance to general trends in Britain, but, if so, this was an aspect never covered by the Fleming Report.

THE VALLEY OF ST. IVES (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) deals with life in an American private school too, and a school with the same type of headmaster who had " for fifty years opposed with unflagging vigour every change which made the twentieth century more distant from its predecessor than any other in history." One of the great differences between these two novels, however, is the setting of this work of Mr. Arthur Herbert Bryant's, which is a valley, possibly in Virginia or a neighbouring state, where the principal interests are high living and foxhunting, and where the school itself represents " the only hedgehog of resistance." This story is written with less passion, and I would say more taste, than the other, but both could be valuable indices of the trend of a certain kind of American consciousness.

Mr. Haakon Chevalier has written a first novel in FOR US THE LIVING (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), and a significant one. His theme is the murder of a man, for which crime over the years, three people are tried. The setting is California, whether on a vast fruit ranch in the San Joaquin Valley ; a university ; or the San Francisco law courts and its waterfront. The pace is sustained quite breathlessly, and one way of regarding the book might be simply as detective story. That indeed would be quite valid, for it is a good thriller, but there is more to it than that. To the perceptive reader, this book is a survey of the social conditions in America between 1929 and 1941, but the writer's art lies partly in presenting his theme, a sociological one, in a fictional wrapping. And it works.

TIME IS SO SHORT (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is again a novel of our own times, but against a vastly different background. It is India and the Punjab in the last days of British rule, and the story concerns a young English girl, still working at school to pass her School Certificate examination, while the whole of her life and love is centred in the young officer who has been her childhood friend. This story of Parr Cooper's has a poignant quality and great delicacy. It may not be an important book, but it is a sensitive one, and I liked it.

Miss Stella Margetson's novel is set in the present day, though it is concerned with a problem that might belong to any age. THE PRISONERS (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is the unevenly written but touching story of a brilliant and difficult man who reaches the decisive moment of his life and career, and finds comfort from the least expected quarter. He is an art expert whose principal interest is in paintings, and whose decisions, or, rather, verdicts, on authenticity are accepted without comment, such is his reputation for integrity. One day he finds that he has endorsed (if that is the correct word in this connection) a painting by a brilliant forger, and his enormous pride and complacence topple. It is a mistake, an honest mistake, that he has made, but his vanity has never before admitted the possibility of mistake and he tries to take his life. As a study of egomania, this is largely successful, and certainly very readable.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN : Three young men have been working for nearly a year painting murals on the walls at the Chelsea Children's Library. Malcolm Edward Hughes (twenty-nine), George Edward Ball, who is seen at work in this picture, and Neville Dear (twenty-six) have all taken A.R.C.A. diplomas at the Royal College of Art while painting the murals. The College has a new policy whereby students learn to paint murals by carrying out work on actual buildings instead of in a studio. The work at the Chelsea Library is to be a gift from the College

STORM AND ECHO (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is a new novel by Mr. Frederic Prokosch, a distinguished American novelist who has often visited Africa and now lives in Rome, with years of European experience behind him. He is a cosmopolitan and he writes like a poet. His book describes the adventures, both practical and spiritual, of a band of men who set out on a perilous safari towards a mountain that is as geographically inaccessible as it is hated and feared by the Africans. The beauty and the plague of Africa is in these pages, and for once even the chapter headings : " The Scorpion," " The Bees," " The Zebras " . . . are an integral part of the story itself.

Josephine Tey has evolved a pleasant kind of story which is partly a novel of a horse-loving community in the English countryside, and partly a more than adequate detective story. BRAT FARRAR (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) deals courageously enough with a purely Victorian (and melodramatic Victorian at that), situation, in which an older twin disappears mysteriously, and the younger twin inherits the property. I think you will enjoy it.

TIMELESS (Putnam. 8s. 6d.) takes us a little farther back in time, and much farther in fantasy. Prince Nicholas Tchkotoua, whose first novel this is, has chosen his own natal country of Russian Georgia for the scene, and the late '80's for his period. It is a romantic business, with a certain tenuous charm.

If you have never read *Studs Lonigan*, that portentous and to me indigestible novel of the American '30's, you will be unprepared for the same author's THE ROAD BETWEEN (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.), which has the same blunt attack, the same sincerity and awkwardness and, I 'm afraid, the same wordiness. Mr. James T. Farrell has, however, dispensed with much of the brutality that was so notable in that story of Chicago. Here he is writing of a young man who is determined to devote himself to authorship, and who has to contend at the same time with poverty and with the problem of his young and trustful wife, who is expecting her first baby. In their occasional forays from their New York basement room, they attend uncomfortable parties with their Communist contemporaries, who, in 1927, are a belligerent but unconvincing lot. *Verb. sap.*

Long as it is—over 400 pages—one has the feeling that Mr. Dennis Wheatley wrote every page of his new novel with relish, and I suppose that there is no doubt that thousands of readers will tackle it with as much relish. THE RISING STORM (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) details the further adventures of the immaculate and intrepid Roger Brook, and stap me, if they are not as exciting as anything I have read in this *genre* since the Baroness Orczy laid down her quill.

A BOOK LIST

Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural, by Algernon Blackwood. (Peter Nevill. 12s. 6d.)

Heart's Ease, Herbs for the Heart, by Mrs. F. C. Leyell, with drawings by Mildred E. Eldridge. (Faber and Faber. 21s.)

The Plays of J. B. Priestley, Vol. II. (Heinemann. 16s.)

Faithfully Yours, A Company of Dogs, Pictures by Guy Withers. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

Her Majesty Queen Mary, by Louis Wulff, M.V.O. (Sampson Low, Marston. 12s. 6d.)

Art and Science, A Study of Alberti, Piero della Francesca and Giorgione, by Adrian Stokes. (Faber and Faber. 15s.)

Buffers End, arrived at by Emett. (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.)

Masters of Painting, Jan Vermeer, by Frithjof Van Thienen, Ph.D. (Longmans, Green. 10s. 6d.)

Seurat, by R. H. Wilenski ; and *Turner*, by John Rothenstein, both of the Faber Gallery. (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d. each.)

AUBREY REDUCED TO ORDER

A Collected Edition of "The Lives"

John Aubrey was one of the great gossips of the seventeenth century, a contemporary of Pepys and a forerunner of Creevey. An acquaintance called him " shiftless, roving and magotie headed, sometimes little better than crased," but this eager antiquary had the questing spirit of a modern journalist, and we have it on good authority that he sometimes almost fell downstairs in pursuit of a departing guest and some tit-bit of information. When he died in 1697, John Aubrey left behind him a vast portfolio of somewhat indiscriminate notes, and ever since that day those colourful, racy, muddle-headed manuscripts, which in a word, in a sentence, often gave the key to personality and character, the key to life itself in a bold, expansive age, have been favoured by historians and biographers who delighted to quote John Aubrey, recognising full well the measure of his genius. Now Oliver Lawson Dick, delving deeply and rewardingly in the Bodleian and the British Museum among the original manuscripts, so hopelessly disarrayed and so full of irrelevancies, has produced a collected edition of AUBREY'S BRIEF LIVES (Secker and Warburg. 30s.). It is a fascinating record, with Raleigh, Shakespeare, Wolsey, Sidney, More and the Herberts stirred into life by a magic touch. Scholars, soldiers, statesmen and ladies of easy virtue all come within the scope of these brief lives, and in the manner of the modern columnist there is no quarter given by one who, like W. H. Mallock, " had the very highest opinion of scandal." Mr. Oliver Lawson Dick, History Scholar of Christ Church, includes 134 lives and a long introductory essay shedding new light upon the character of Aubrey, whose work is at long last reduced to manageable shape. Aubrey, knowing full well his own inadequacies spoke of his jottings as " *tanquam Tabulate, Naufragy* " (like fragments of a shipwreck), and we can indeed be grateful that the task of salvage has fallen into such sure hands.

Walter Duranty, who in 1921 went to Russia for the *New York Times* and tried as earnestly as any contemporary to interpret Russia to the West, gives some penetrating glimpses of " the men who run Russia " in his book STALIN & CO. (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.). He is at pains to make us understand just how and why Stalin's regime differs in object, though not in ruthless method, from that of Lenin, and why Trotsky " went to the wall." It seems that the abortive revolution of 1905-1906 after the Russo-Japanese War provides the key. Those who went into exile after that period, Trotsky, Kamenev and Zinoviev, who came to be known as the Western Exiles, clashed inevitably in the '20's and '30's with the so-called " Home Guard," the men who went underground in Russia and bore the heat and burden of the day, and in whom there resides an undying suspicion of everything outside Russia. Mr. Duranty asks us to remember these facts against the whole background of the Russian problem, which he puts before us with his accustomed clarity. As to the future, he believes the Soviet will continue to compromise in part in the West, turning their eyes eastwards, where they hold strong cards.

Just as Pepys remains the lovable *bon viveur*, for all the protestations of erudite Mr. Bryant, who has shown him to us as a superbly efficient ruler of the King's Navy, so Edward Lear remains the King of Nonsense, despite those who in recent times have tried to do him justice as a painter and illustrator. The nonsense in him—" a valuable by-product of misled forces," someone once described it—made Lear's name a household word ; the act of painting (" at which I go on steadily grinding my nose off ") brought him appreciation from a very limited few. That was his personal tragedy. Before he was twenty-one Lear had already published at his own risk a folio of forty-two hand-coloured lithographs of birds at the Zoo, and now under the title of EDWARD LEAR'S PARROTS (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.) they are presented in a delightful little volume by Brian Reade. Mr. Reade surveys Lear's early work as a bird illustrator, but despite the seriousness of the effort to show the artist in the admirable light as an accomplished craftsman, and despite the excellence of the pictures, humour comes seeping through and the droll faces of the parrots somehow call to mind the creations of Lear's joyously wayward pen.

Welcome to THE SATURDAY BOOK, now in its ninth year (Hutchinson. 21s.). Leonard Russell edits this popular annual. As ever it is well illustrated with photographs and drawings, and it would seem to owe its special quality to being prepared with the technique of the children's annual allied to a dash of maturity and sophistication to make good measure.

THE FOX-HUNTER'S BEDSIDE BOOK (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) has been compiled from the wealth of hunting literature, the choice being made widely and well by Lady Apsley, M.F.H.

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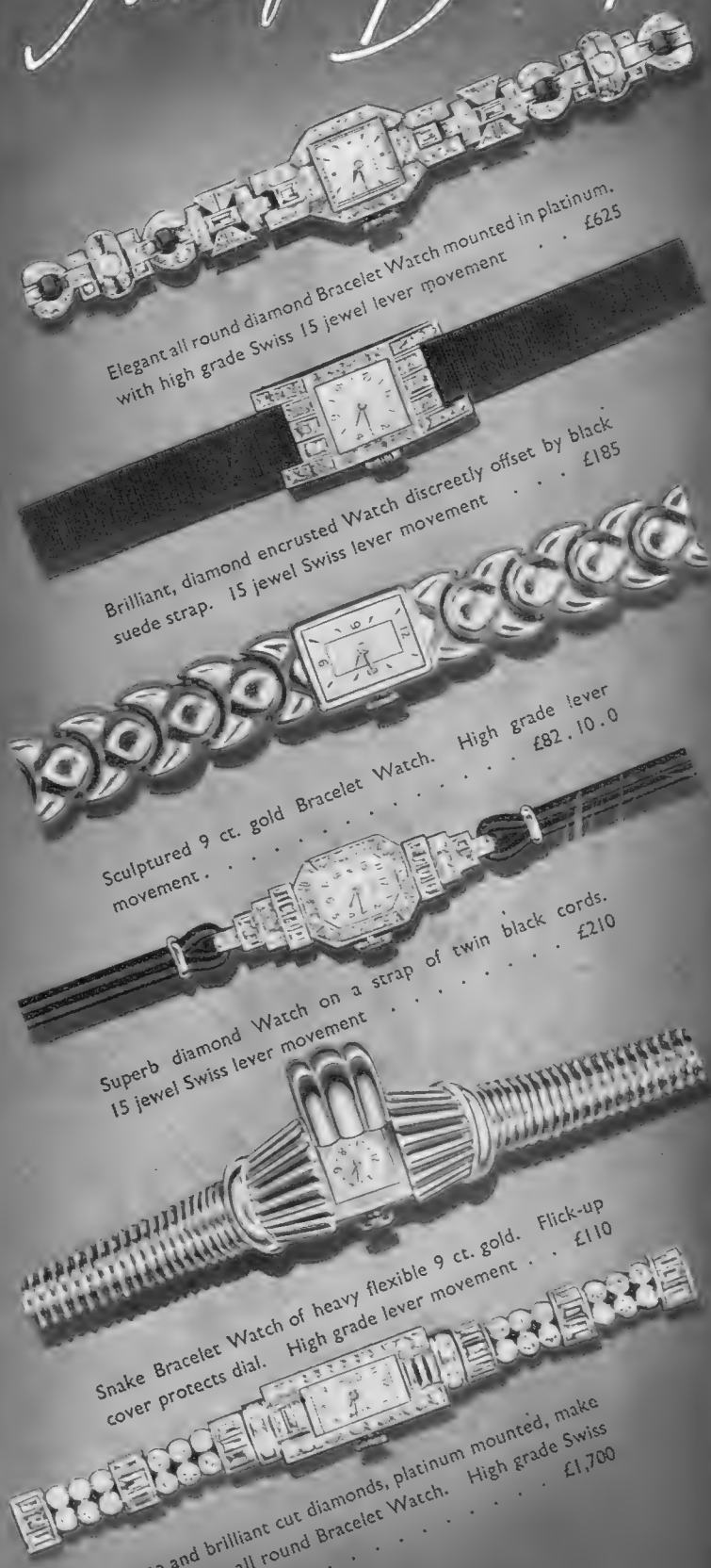

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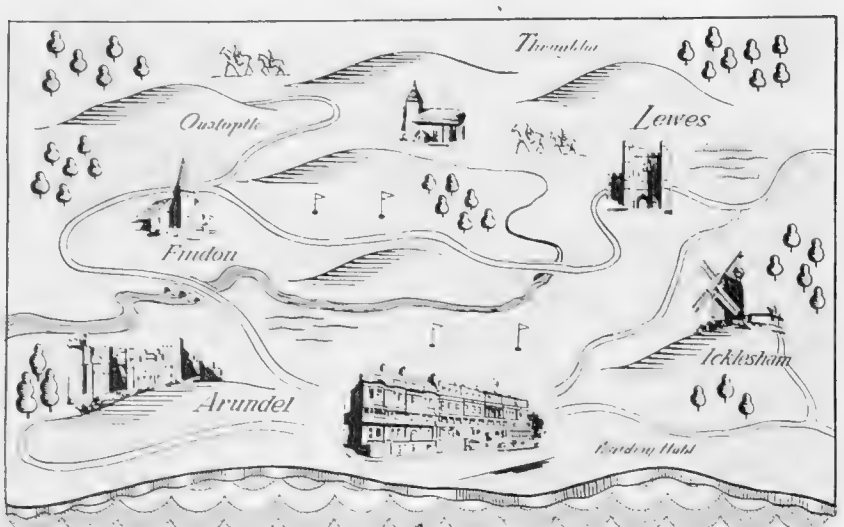

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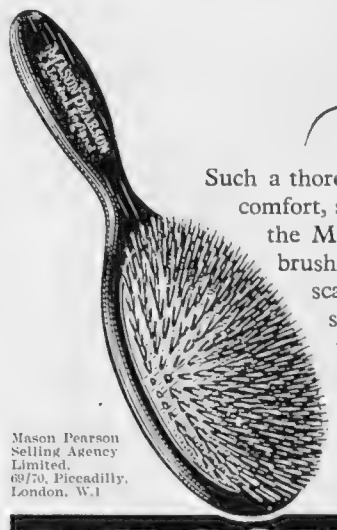

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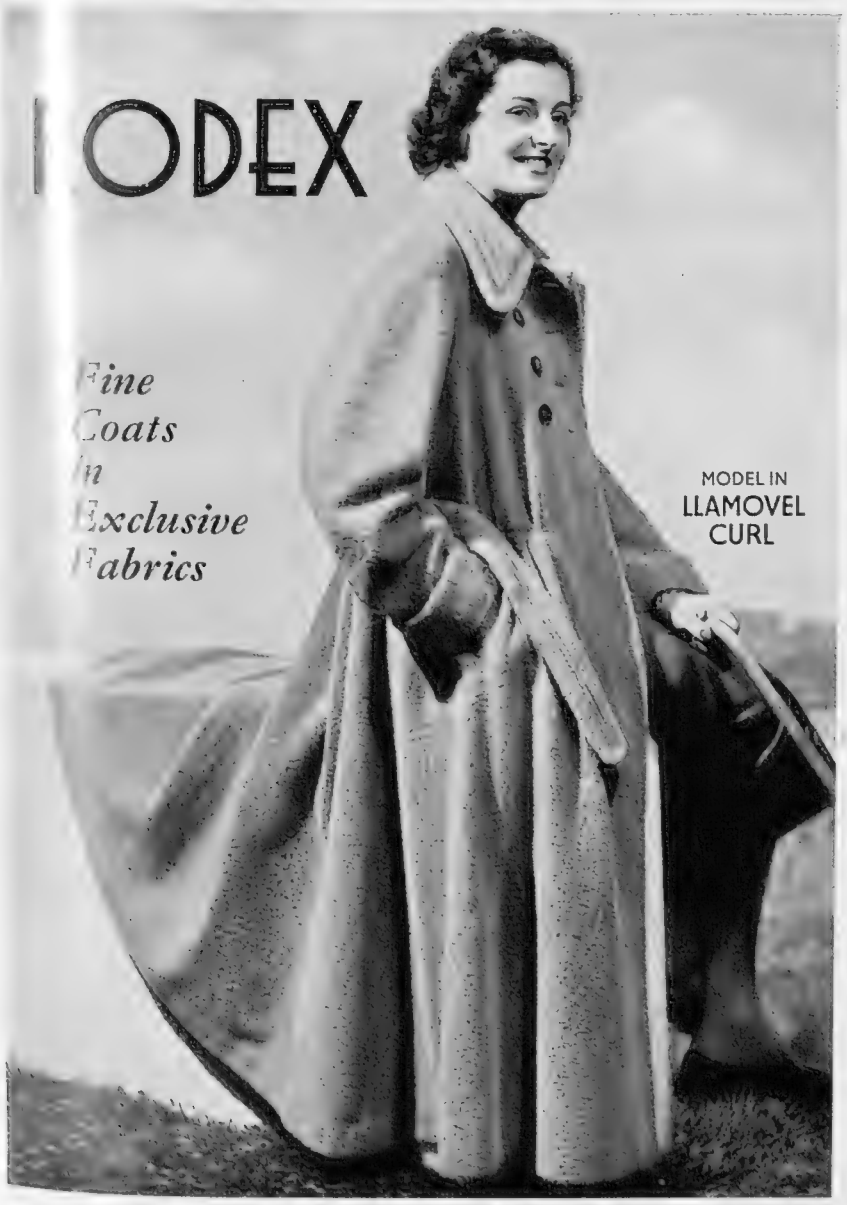

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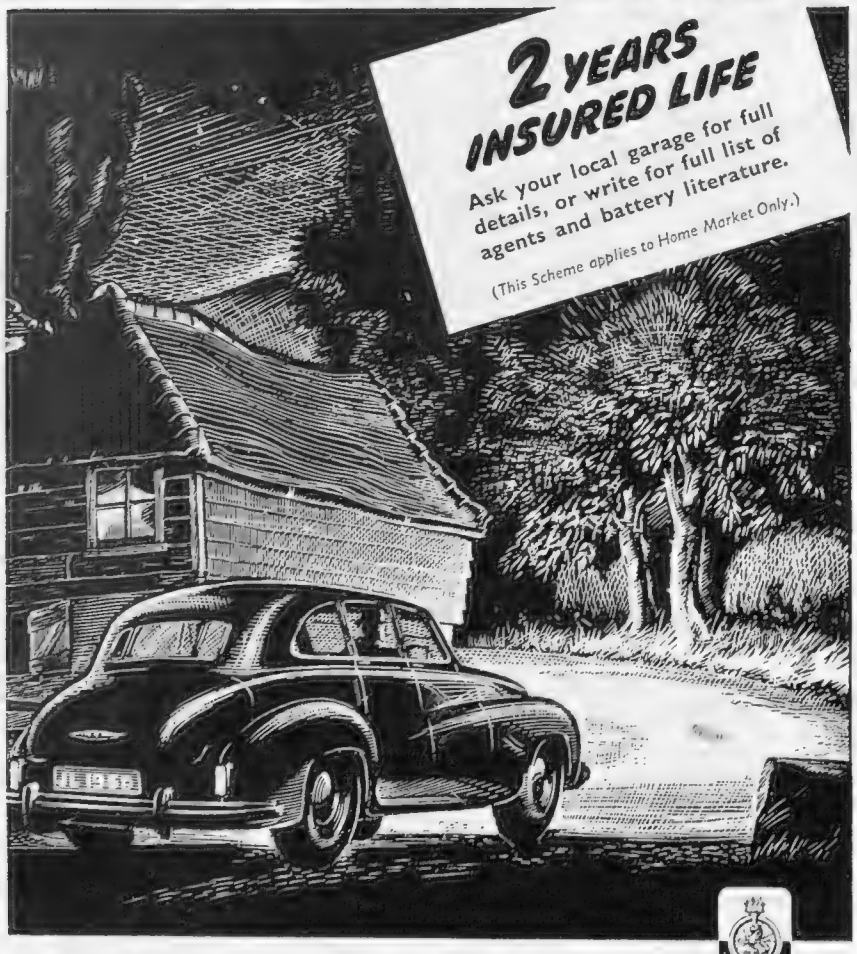

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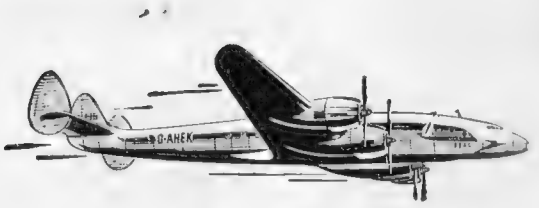

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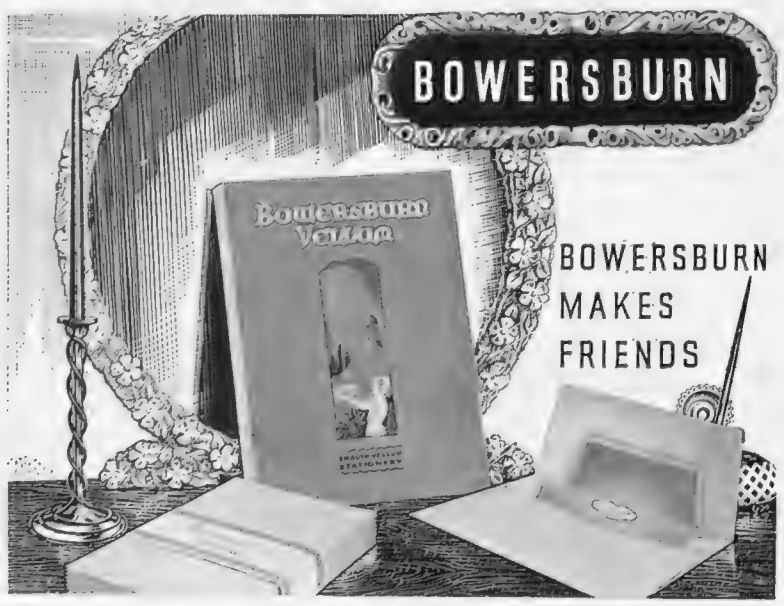

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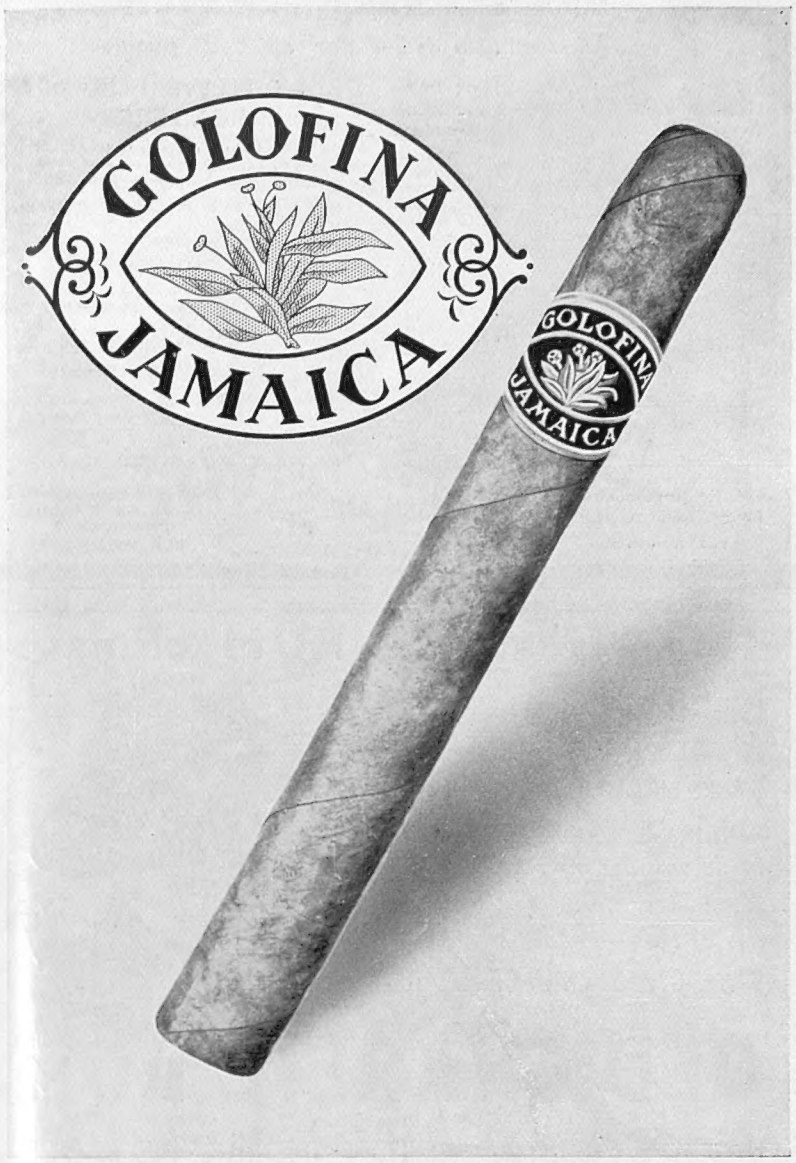

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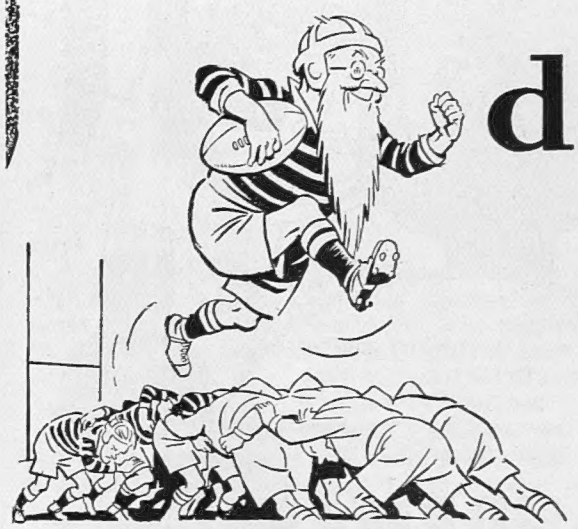

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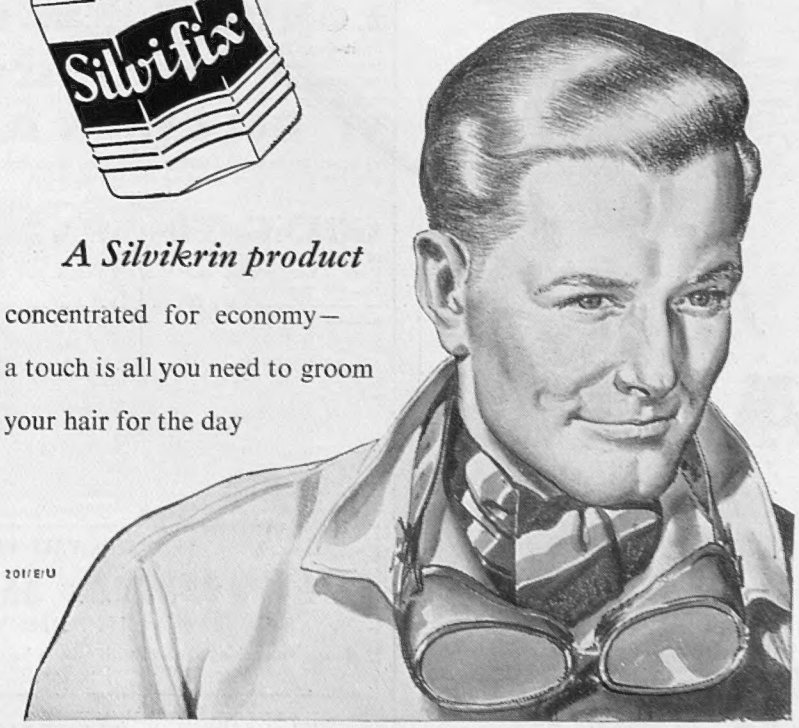

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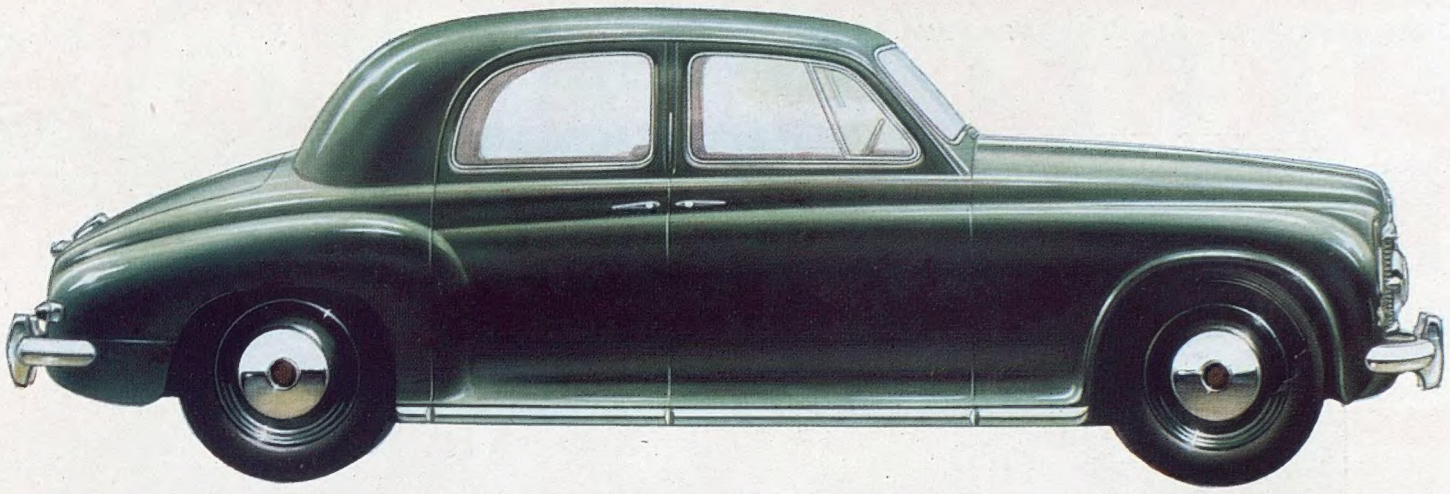

The new Rover Seventy-Five

The Rover engineers are more concerned with high engineering quality than with fashion, and their coachwork designs which have proved themselves highly satisfactory in practical use have been retained until there was some real purpose in changing them. Now, however, the cumulative effect of the mechanical improvements of the years since the war, calls for a car completely redesigned to enable them to be incorporated. Here, therefore, is the new Rover ' 75 ', with all the basic qualities which are associated with its name—silence of running, quality of mechanical and coachwork finish, and lightness of control—plus the fruits of ten years' wartime and postwar progress in fine automobile engineering.

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A lower and wider body with corresponding improvement in road holding. The wide one-piece windscreen curves back to the raked front pillars, and together with the sloped bonnet and lower radiator gives a much wider field of vision.

FASTER

The remarkable Rover 75 engine is the basis of the new power unit, but has a new light alloy cylinder head giving increased power and economy. Its efficiency is further improved by the low wind resistance of the new body design. Low centre of gravity and improved suspension give appreciably faster cornering and increased average speed.

MORE COMFORTABLE

Despite its lower overall height, the new Rover 75 gives more room from floor to roof. Much greater elbow room too. The deep sprung bench type front seat takes three, and the gear change lever is moved to the steering column. Rear passengers ride well forward of the rear axle.

Improved built-in heating and ventilation system enables temperature to be exactly controlled over a wide range.

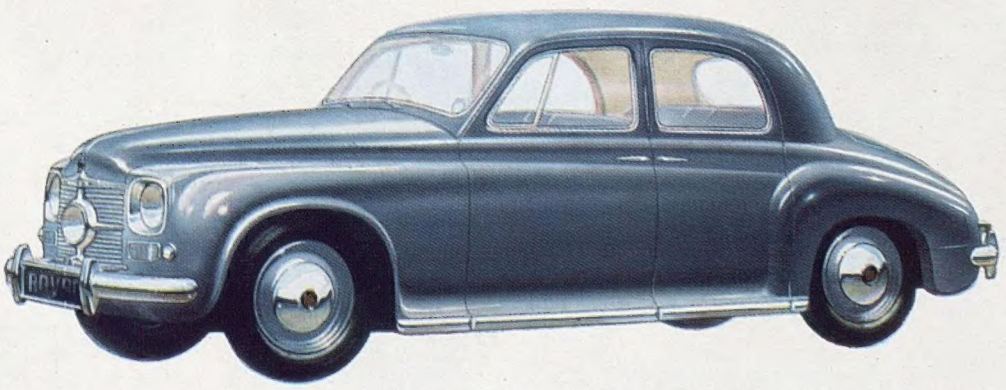
MORE ECONOMICAL

Although it has a brilliant performance, the Rover 75 engine uses considerably less petrol than units of similar size. The new aluminium cylinder head and built-in manifold are largely responsible, and the low wind resistance of the car contributes to exceptionally low petrol consumption.

Maintenance costs are reduced by the elimination of chassis lubrication, and the new coachwork is exceptionally easy to keep clean.

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



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